The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1925 No. 3145

Class Free Entry

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 395
EDITORIALS:
- In Chinatown and in China 398
- Lives and Times 399
- Russia—Guest or Ghost? 399
- The Trustification of Germany 400

THE POLICE RUN WILD IN CLEVELAND. By Russell T. Herrick .. 401
SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY 402
WORDS FOR THE CHISEL. By Genevieve Taggard 403
BIRD MUSIC. By James Rorty 403
CONTEMPORARIES. By Lola Ridge 403
BRITISH TRADE UNIONISM AT SCARBOROUGH. By J. Ramsay MacDonald 404
BRITISH LABOR TURNS TO THE LEFT. By Scott Nearing 405
COMPLETION. By James Daly 406
THE BRITISH MINER'S PROPHET. By Wilson Midgley 407
PROTOCOLS, PACTS, ALLIANCES. By Robert Dell 408
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 409
CORRESPONDENCE 410
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- White Terror In Liberal Chile. By Arnold Roller 415
- The Tacna-Arica Plebiscite. By Amy Woods 416

FALL BOOK SECTION

JAMES JOYCE. By Edwin Muir 421
CAN AN ARTIST LIVE IN AMERICA? By Ludwig Lewisohn 423
ALL THAT BY ANY FEAT OF LIGHT. By Raymond Holden 424
BOOKS:
- First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 425
- The British Parliamentary Scene. By J. A. Hobson 425
- Yazoo's Favorite. By H. L. Mencken 426
- "Ramsay Mac." By Henry W. Nevinson 428
- A Modern Heracleitus. By M. T. McClure 430
- Two Nations. By Harold J. Laski 432
- The Culture of a Section. By William B. Cairns 433
- Olive Schreiner in Part. By Ruth S. Alexander 435
- Shakespearean Studies. By Samuel S. Chew 436
- Enough to Go Round. By Stuart Chase 438
- Terror and Furore. By Charles J. Finger 439
- Books in Brief 440

MUSIC:
- Arnold Schönberg. By Richard Specht 444

DRAMA:
- Should Lawyers Lie? By Joseph Wood Krutch 446

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR
FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR
MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THERE ARE LETTERS which make an editor's life worth living—letters which show that his shots have hit their mark. Evidently *The Nation's* recent comments on California Justice stung:

California State Prison
at San Quentin
Office of the Captain

THE NATION
No. 20 Vesey Street
New York City

GENTLEMEN: We regret to advise you that in the future inmates of the institution will not be permitted to receive copies of your publication, *The Nation.*

At present, your subscription list includes the following:

38109 Childs
30704 Schmidt
37637 Mellman
38794 Stewart
31921 Mooney.

We would suggest that you make arrangements to have these inmates transfer their subscriptions elsewhere. Otherwise we will be obliged to destroy the papers.

Trusting you will give this matter prompt attention, we are

Very truly yours,

CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON
E. J. HOBBS, Captain of the Yard.

San Quentin, September 30

Mooney is "Tom" Mooney, who, to California's everlasting shame, has been in jail for ten years on evidence proved false; Schmidt is under life sentence for participation in the MacNamara affair; the three others are I. W. W. prisoners convicted under California's law which makes mere membership in that organization a crime. All three are suffering for loyalty to their class. And now California's prison czars will not let them read a magazine that dares say so. Are there Californians with the will and determination to stop this petty tyranny?

CAILLAUX'S FATE rests today, as so large a share of the world's destiny does, in the hands of the international bankers. Is his five-year agreement sufficiently satisfactory to induce them to lend large sums to bankrupt France? If the answer is Yes, doubtless the French Parliament will give its assent; probably the American Congress would reluctantly approve the settlement if its temporary character were underlined. If the bankers refuse to hazard their credits Caillaux is again in the pit of ill-fortune. No one can feel very happy at the outcome. Mr. Coolidge, who last summer talked of a settlement with France on the lines of England's 62-year 3½ per cent debt settlement, must feel chagrined at emerging with only a promise to pay 1 per cent interest for five years. Winston Churchill, who cleverly made England's settlement with France conditional upon America's agreement to accept the same terms, is left very much in the lurch with his British public. Caillaux goes home with his hands almost empty, able only to plead that he made the best offer France had yet made, and was refused. What the bankers think is still a mystery.

THE ROOT DIFFICULTY about these negotiations lay in the existence of the transatlantic telegraph and mail system. It is today almost impossible to humbug two peoples at once. Mr. Mellon, proclaiming the vastness of the annual payments offered by M. Caillaux, might have fooled America into believing that he had obtained a great victory and won substantial payments, but his claims of victory would at once have been cabled to Paris and pounced upon by M. Caillaux's political opponents. M. Caillaux, on the other hand, might have juggled the same figures into the appearance of victory for himself, pointing out how trifling these sums were when translated into interest on the capital involved, but the American press would have printed his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paeans the next morning in type so large and black that it would have doomed the settlement in Congress. Doubtless, left to themselves, Messrs. Mellon and Caillaux could have come to an understanding, but while the American people demand payment in full and the French people feel that any payment is more or less blackmail public agreement is impossible. Only one solution suggests itself—a sort of Dawes Plan by which neutral experts assess France's capacity to pay. Would France permit that? Does America want it?

WHAT IS A PARTY? Is it a boss in Washington or New York, or the people who have voted and vote its tickets? That is the question which Senator Butler and the Republican chiefs in Washington must face in deciding whether they will cast out "Young Bob" La Follette, fresh from a three-to-one victory over the Coolidge Republican in the Wisconsin Senatorial election. The Republican voters of Wisconsin want La Follette. The Administration moguls hate him. Because he bolted the party last autumn to manage his father's Presidential campaign they may feel safe in consigning him to outer darkness and refusing to recognize him in making committee appointments. We rather hope they do, for *The Nation* wants to see Western insurgency crystallized into an independent political party, untrammeled by any association with either of the old-party organizations. But from the point of view of their old party the chiefs had better think before they act. Some of the conservatives of today were Progressive bolters with Roosevelt in 1912. Borah and Norris, accepted as Republicans, are just as independent as "Young Bob." If the Coolidge chiefs establish the principle that no one with opinions of his own can be a good Republican they may wake up some day to find themselves in large sections of the West without any party at all.

SOMETIMES THE DEAD refuse to stay buried, and the odor of rottenness leaks up through the soil. It is so with the Wood candidacy of 1920. Leonard Wood, historians will recall, had Presidential ambitions, and a gentleman named Procter sought to buy the Republican nomination for him. "Colonel" Procter, it seems, was a business man, and thought he could advertise Leonard Wood into the Presidency. He found others who agreed with him to the extent of helping underwrite a million-dollar fund—$1,120,000, to be exact—which was used in the vain effort to "sell" Leonard Wood to the Republicans. His fellow-underwriters left the colonel to pay the bills; and to recover from them he has had to resort to court proceedings. These have revealed not only the vast sums wasted, but also the fact that Colonel Procter and his associates deliberately lied to the Borah committee investigating campaign expenditures. What protection has the public against such unscrupulous millionaires as "Colonel" Procter? It is no particular consolation to think that Harry Daugherty, chumming with the "boys" in his hotel bedroom, outwitted Procter and won the nomination for Warren Harding. The only real consolation is the thought that the event exiled Leonard Wood to the Philippines; and that, for the Filipinos, is no consolation at all.

SAKLATVALA, barred from this country by Secretary Kellogg, had such an audience at the meetings of the Interparliamentary Union in Washington as the Parsee in the flesh could never have obtained. Men who would not have crossed the street to hear him speak until a foolish government ban made him famous pored over his speeches and denounced the wrong done him. Britain's fierce fears for her rule in India became manifest as Saklatvala alone could never have made them. But there was another shadow over the sessions of the union. Two delegates sat in the sessions as representatives of Haiti. The State Department welcomed them as it welcomed the delegates of real parliaments. But who were these men? Whom did they represent? Haiti has had no parliament since Smedley Butler, gun in hand, put an end to Haitian self-government in 1916. Our Government, acting through puppets of its own making, rules Haiti without the pretense of democracy. Although even the constitution which Franklin Roosevelt wrote for Haiti nearly a decade ago provides for elections, we have not permitted Haitians to vote. The reason is simple: an election would show the people of Haiti overwhelmingly opposed to the tools of Washington whom our marines keep in office. It was that false Government which sent representatives of a non-existent parliament to misrepresent Haiti in Washington.

LORD GREY'S STORY of a secret memorandum in which President Wilson, through Colonel House, pledged his aid to the Allies as early as February, 1916, adds to the mystery which none of Woodrow Wilson's admiring biographers has yet penetrated. When did Wilson make up his mind to go into the war on the side of the Allies? There is the story, familiar to the Washington correspondents, of the "sunrise conference" in which Wilson sought to persuade Claude Kitchin, Champ Clark, and Senator Stone to turn the Democratic Party warwards at about the time of the House-Grey memorandum. All of the participants are dead, and the stories they are said to have told their friends differ somewhat. If it be true that, all through the campaign when "He Kept Us Out of War" was his party's slogan, Woodrow Wilson was planning to sweep his country into war, that even before the campaign he had made preliminary attempts to win the necessary support—then Woodrow Wilson deserves rank as one of the great conspirators of history. But can it be true? How can that be reconciled with the evident sincerity and moral passion of the "too proud to fight" and "peace without victory" days?

THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD was a creation of the war, and what took place under it stands out in memory as perhaps the most glaring record of waste, incompetence, and fraud of the period. The organization seems never fully to have recovered from the debauching environment of its birth, and remains today as the principal incubus of the Coolidge Administration. The trouble does not seem to be primarily one of either personnel or method, but largely of morale. We are not prepared to take sides in the quarrel between the Shipping Board and the head of its Emergency Fleet Corporation, Admiral Palmer. We do feel that the quarrel emphasizes the unsatisfactory character of the present organization and we would welcome a change toward simplification and economy. If the Administration is committed to selling the government fleet as rapidly as possible, there seems to be no reason why the task could not be turned over to a bureau in the Department of Commerce, with a great saving in personnel, friction, and expense. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shipping Board is right in calling attention to the extravagance of the organization of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, with Admiral Palmer getting a salary of $25,000 and five vice-presidents receiving $18,000. But isn't the Shipping Board itself living in a glass house?

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, in the conduct of his many affairs, has succeeded uncommonly well in stifling public criticism. The Turin *Stampa*, rated the second greatest newspaper in Italy, has recently been suppressed for criticism of the army; the powerful *Corriere della Sera* has been rendered harmless and will probably suffer the confiscation of its valuable plant and offices. Indiscreet foreign correspondents have been sent home or have had their mail rifled—James Murphy, writing articles to *The Nation* from Rome on Fascist syndicalism, found that only the first of his articles ever reached America and that checks and letters sent him from London in payment for other articles were confiscated. But from an unexpected quarter criticism has come; and a good Fascist, with all the best strong-arm methods at his command, does not quite know what to do about it. The *Osservatore Romano*, official newspaper of the Vatican, came out recently with a sharp criticism of Fascist terrorist tactics.

SEVERAL FASCIST PAPERS replied and were answered with even more indignation and no apology. The Vatican newspaper denounced the Fascist use of force, and deplored instances of violence toward certain Catholic clubs and organizations. In vain the Fascisti have protested, citing Christ's routing of the money-changers from the temple as precedent for violence in the name of righteousness. The Papal organ remains firm and will not remain silent. An ordinary newspaper would be suppressed at once. But it is suspected that the Pope himself, a man of reason and sound judgment and well-versed in politics, is behind the attacks. No one knows just how far it would be legal, or expedient, for the Government to go in such a case. The Vatican itself enjoys territorial immunity from government control; the question is whether its newspapers are included in this immunity. A perplexing question for a simple Fascist; and one likely to become more disturbing.

IN A RECENT ISSUE of *The Nation* we commented editorially upon the fact that a pamphlet which we had received setting forth the achievements of the George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville, Tennessee, contained no reference to its stand upon the evolution question. Since then we have received a copy of the *Peabody Reflector* for November, 1924, which contains a message from the trustees of the college as it was delivered to the graduating class by the Rt. Rev. H. J. Mikell, D.D., and we are glad to be able to record that in referring to the impending agitation it frankly states a complete belief in the facts of evolution. Peabody College at least was not afraid to let it be known on which side it stood, and it deserves the recognition due its sincerity.

THIS YEAR, as in other recent years, the numbers of students applying for admission to American colleges has enormously increased; and the rate of increase is itself increasing. The colleges are building dikes—academic and sometimes social—to hold back these floods of young Americans. Some of the rejected candidates for the Eastern colleges go home to play golf and help mother around the house, or to play golf and help father in the store. More of them wash back into the flooded confines of the State universities, determined to go to college even if Yale or Vassar turns them away. This rising tide of would-be college men and women is at least as much an indication of national prosperity as of a lust for learning; and among women it doubtless coincides with the growing demand for freedom and a profession. But it cannot be met merely by restrictions. If certain colleges choose to limit their numbers and use the pressure from the outside as a lever to hoist their own standards of scholarship, this should be allowed. But other colleges must be built to take care of those who want to go and are prepared; and the State universities must continue their interesting experiment in heterogeneous wholesale education. What cannot be allowed are barriers of race or color or class, and tests to determine manners and morals rather than mind and training.

WHEN AT FIFTEEN, Marion Talley amazed the leaders of the musical world by the power and range of her voice, *The Nation* welcomed her as a prodigy who was not to endure the traditional path of prodigies. No unhappy years of poverty and exploitation were to be hers. At fifteen she had proved her voice, and already had ample funds to cultivate it as it should be cultivated. For this good fortune she was indebted to Kansas City, long the butt of effete Easterners who wished to deride the uncultivated West. Kansas City had put up the money; she was taking care of her own. Now that Marion, having attained the age of 18, has a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company and is to sing this coming winter, Kansas City can sit back and wait for the debut, conscious of a task well performed. When the date is finally announced on which Marion is to sing, one suspects that there will be a prodigious activity on the Missouri, a refurbishing of opera hats, a vast purchasing of gowns and cloaks, plans for trips East, and a sold-out house in New York. Kansas will continue to stand by. Marion is fortunate in her choice of a native town; and evidently Kansas City is as happy in its prodigy.

IN LÉON BOURGEOIS France loses one more of the great survivors of pre-war days. Bourgeois was never a dramatic, combative figure like Poincaré or Clemenceau or Caillaux, but for forty years he had drifted in and out of office, being in that period a member of fourteen different ministries. He had not been prime minister for thirty years, but at every cabinet crisis men's thoughts turned to him as a *premier ministre en disponibilité*. Never a commanding force, he none the less stood head and shoulders above most of his colleagues in one respect: he was a man with an idea. From the early days of the Hague peace conferences he consecrated himself to the idea of international arbitration. Almost alone among French statesmen he was genuinely devoted to the conception of the League of Nations, echoing President Wilson's pronouncements in war-time and championing the cause against the dominant cynicism of Clemenceau. At Geneva his was a voice universally respected, a voice that expressed a principle rather than the passing mood of a group of politicians in office.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Chinatown and in China

INTO the Chinatowns of Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and other cities the police swooped again and again last month, smashing down doors, arresting thousands of peaceful Chinese waiters, laundrymen, merchants, and laborers, jailing them without warrant, surrounding theaters and emptying them, firing revolvers at those who tried to escape and making every visitor show papers to prove his right to existence, leaving broken homes open and unguarded—and when this epidemic of lawlessness was over the police and federal agents announced that they had been acting in the name of law.

"I have put the federal Government in Chinatown and I am going to keep it there," said United States Attorney Emory R. Buckner, in New York, after violating in the most outrageous fashion the elementary principles of law upon which this republic is founded. His agents had just, without the slightest shadow of legal authority, told some hundreds of Chinamen whom they had illegally arrested and then released that if they found them in Chinatown again after nine o'clock at night their certificates would be revoked and they would be deported. Since the hateful days of Mitchell Palmer there has been in this country no such sweeping and utterly outrageous abuse of power.

Possibly the police went further in Cleveland than elsewhere—probably not, for the "heathen Chinee" has always been treated as a person without rights in this country. Russell T. Herrick, telegraph editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, describes elsewhere in this issue the brutal lawlessness of the Cleveland police and the stout stand for law and order made by two brave Cleveland judges. So strong was the reaction in Cleveland that three members of that "hard-boiled" tribe, the newspaper reporters, sat down after hours and wrote indignant accounts of the affair to *The Nation*, only one of which, unfortunately, we are able to print. It may be, we say, that the police were worse in Cleveland than elsewhere. Certainly we know of no "director of public safety" in any other city who has had the effrontery to say, as Cleveland's Mr. Barry did:

> Some of these Chinese [at the time, in his own words, he had "every Chink in the city" in jail] know who committed that murder and we're going to keep them all in jail until they tell. Not a Chinese restaurant or laundry will be permitted to open in the city until we get the information we want.

For brazen, downright anarchistic defiance of the law, that goes beyond any expression which we have noted in other cities. But the newspaper accounts of the raids in New York City seem to us sufficient to warrant the removal of several federal and municipal "law officers," and not a newspaper in the city has peeped a protest. After all, Chinese in America are only "Chinks." It is different with Americans in China.

In New York City, after a series of minor raids, the police started in earnest on September 14. That evening federal agents drew a cordon about Chinatown, stopped every Chinaman on the streets and made him show credentials, searched every house in Doyer and Pell streets and the Chinese part of Mott Street. They surrounded two theaters where Chinese plays were in progress, and ordered the audience to get up and march out. When one man stepped onto a fire escape the police fired at him. More than a thousand Chinese were examined; 600 were taken to the Federal Building for appearance before United States Commissioner Cotter, and 134 finally sent to the Tombs to be held for deportation. Most of these were seamen who had come here during the war, when the demand for cheap Chinese labor was intense, and had overstayed their leave. Some of them said they had tried to return but had been unable to find berths. That there is some truth in their claim is evidenced by the statement of the authorities that it would be months before they could find ships to take the deportees back to China. "Most of the 206 Chinese ordered deported by Commissioner Cotter will remain at the immigration station on Ellis Island for months," the *Times* reported, "before they can be started on their way back to China. They have expressed a willingness to return as seamen and the Government's difficulty will be in finding berths for them." No evidence was announced to show that any of the men examined or held was in any way connected with the Tong murders which were the official excuse for this official lawlessness. It was simply a fishing expedition.

On September 18 a Chinaman was shot dead in Mott Street. Using that as an excuse the New York police, acting under the leadership of the federal district attorney, broke loose again. Once more they put a cordon around Chinatown, arresting men en masse and holding impromptu hearings on the sidewalks. They did not pretend to have any warrants; again they went on a fishing expedition in defiance of the law. Vague rumors of captures of "hatchets, pistols, and knives" were given to the newspapers, but no arrests were made for illegal possession of weapons. As before, the arrests were indiscriminate and most of those taken into custody had to be released. In both of these raids, according to citizens of Chinatown, the police broke doors without waiting to knock, and neglected to leave guards when they had removed the inmates, so that Chinese returned from custody to find that their homes had been sacked. Naturally these Chinese, cowed by official lawlessness, hesitate to bring further police ill will upon themselves by starting damage suits; but it is to be hoped that American citizens will step forward and insist that they be given the redress to which they are entitled. A policeman should be no more immune from prosecution for illegal action than any other citizen.

On September 4 the American Government joined the other benevolent Western Powers in sending a note to the Chinese Government. One sentence of it read:

> The Government of the United States desires to impress upon the Chinese Government the necessity of giving concrete evidence of its ability and willingness to enforce respect for the safety of foreign lives and property and to suppress disorders and anti-foreign agitations which embitter feelings. . . .

In the light of our own inability to protect Chinese in the United States—or, worse still, of our official intention not to give them the equal protection of the laws, the wording of that note is either an insolent joke or mere hypocrisy. It would seem appropriate for the Chinese to demand extraterritorial rights for Chinese in the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lives and Times

ELSEWHERE in this issue we print a list of important fall books and a glance at it reveals no falling off in that renewed interest in biography which began to show itself several seasons ago. Doubtless Mr. Lytton Strachey deserves a considerable portion of the credit which he is generally given for this state of affairs since he did invent a new style and demonstrate the possibility of making biography a best seller; but the phenomenon is too large to be explained by the influence of any one man even though he be as clever as Mr. Strachey certainly is. The primary fact is neither "Eminent Victorians" nor "Queen Victoria," but that natural human appetite for life which for several decades had been fed upon a starveling diet of bulky but unnourishing biographies in the conventional two volumes. People were accustomed to complain that there was no interest in biography when the primary fact was simply that there were few really interesting biographies.

For some reason or other the famous Victorian compromise gave way in every other department of literature long before it ceased to be the generally asssumed basis for biographical writing. The new drama, the new novel, and the new poetry had accustomed people to a changed attitude toward the facts of life. Realistic, frank, iconoclastic, and disrespectful, the current imaginative works nourished a generation which had no respect for reticence and scant faith in the decorous legend; but biographers continued to observe the proprieties, to suppress the unheroic detail, and to tell no more than they thought should be told. They set up plaster images for the admiration of an age that was not afraid of flesh and blood and they forfeited the respect of a generation which wanted the whole truth. People did not, as a result, lose interest in life but they did come to believe that they could find more of it in those books which pretended to be merely fiction than they could in those which called themselves true.

Under the new dispensation, however, the liveliness and the impudence of the contemporary novel have invaded the field of biography, and as a result readers are buying Lives and Times as eagerly, almost, as they are buying fiction. Nor can it be said that there is any great tendency toward standardization. The fall list includes a variety ranging from Ida M. Tarbell's "The Life of Elbert Gary" to Charles J. Finger's "Romantic Rascals," and from Louis P. Lochner's "Henry Ford: America's Don Quixote" to Katherine Anthony's "Catherine the Great" and Mary Agnes Best's sketches of quaker personalities called "Rebel Saints." But perhaps on the whole the most interesting tendency of all is that to explore our national past in a manner not always too gravely decorous. Thus Thomas Beer describes various American figures in "The Mauve Decade," Don C. Seitz discusses some "Uncommon Americans," and Samuel Wandell and Meade Minnigerode devote two volumes to Aaron Burr, while Herbert and Edward Quick undertake to present "Steamboating on the Mississippi and Its Tributaries."

In biography as in every other branch of literature it will probably be found that those books will do most good which least solemnly undertake to do anything of the sort. Writers of school histories and those who have the schoolmaster's idea of the dignity of history and the duty of presenting the noble ideal have succeeded in defeating their own purpose. The general reader goes uninstructed because he will not read them, and the schoolboy, forced against his will to read what he will later forget, learns no lesson, perhaps because he quite understandably sees no connection between the impeccable patriots of his schoolbooks and the fallible men who inhabit the world he lives in. But those who write with no end but to present truth interestingly succeed in imparting whatever lessons the past may have to teach because, first of all, they are read, and because, also, they are believed. Doubtless they will bring many heroes down from their pedestals, and doubtless too they will remove a good deal of glamor from various times as well as various lives, but for some reason or other the beautiful idealization has ceased to have the ennobling influence which it is supposed to have had upon other generations. We, at least, learn nothing from times which are not critically surveyed or from those heroes who do not consent to come down from their pedestals.

We have acquired a new interest in our national past but we have acquired at the same time a new contempt for our national legend. We are, if anything, a little too anxious to see the funny side of our ancestors and a little too eager to suspect the worst when we have to deal with the principles and motives which animated the great of history; but at bottom our sense is sound. We are, on the whole, right in assuming that it is from the contemplation of things as they are and not, as the older moralists used to fancy, from the contemplation of things as they ought to be, that we learn our lessons.

Russia—Guest or Ghost?

CHICHERIN sleeps in Berlin while the British, French, and German delegates discuss security at Locarno, but his shadow stalks wherever his Western neighbors meet. Wild rumors of Russian attempts to sabotage the proposed agreement fill the columns of the newspapers, and an uneasy sense of insecurity dominates the gentlemen who have come together to establish Europe's security. "What will Russia do? What is Chicherin up to?" are questions on every lip.

And why not? The Allies, after six long years of futile palavers, have at last come to the obvious, commonsense conclusion that in planning the security of Europe they must take Germany into consideration. Guaranties must be mutual; Germany must be protected as well as France; she must be treated as an equal and given the same promises as are exacted of her. Those kindergarten lessons are proclaimed today in every French newspaper, where only a year ago the Poincarist mood of ultimatum and compulsion still ruled. The Prime Minister of France has publicly proclaimed that "Franco-German reconciliation is like the keystone of European civilization," and no man denies him. But although Germany is at last admitted to the inner councils Russia is still left out, and the arguments which apply to Germany apply equally well to Russia.

It is Western Europe's fault if the uninvited Mr. Chicherin fills the security conference with alarm. He frankly regards the proposed security pact as a British plot directed against Soviet Russia; and the English have made no effort to unconvince him. It is, he says, a mutual security alliance among the enemies of Soviet Russia, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he suspects secret understandings regarding possible military action against the incubus in the East. Perhaps he is all wrong; possibly there is a substantial germ of truth behind his suspicions. In any case, left in isolation, it is natural that he should endeavor, both in Warsaw and in Berlin, to make his own agreements for the safety of his country. Stresemann has just negotiated a commercial treaty with him—through which some of the American capital recently lent to Germany will find its way into the forbidden land of Russia—and Poland appears to have listened to Chicherin with a new friendliness.

That, too, is natural—and well. A year ago France was insisting upon the right to send troops across Germany in order to defend Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. Germany naturally refused this invitation to become a sort of second-hand battlefield. France has not yet withdrawn her demand, but the new amicability of her prime minister indicates that she has lost interest in her old military program. So Poland feels deserted and joins eagerly in conversations with her Eastern neighbor—a simple act of common sense, however disturbing to the dovecotes of Allied diplomacy.

Germany, meanwhile, basks in a new sunshine. Courted by Russia, she can afford to be coy with France. The Locarno conference is largely of her making; its program is essentially her program; the Allies have refused her demand that the question of war guilt be reopened courteously enough, on the plea of avoidance that a security conference is not the proper occasion. The vistas seem magnificent.

But those who have followed the negotiations of past years, who recall the reiterated reports of brilliant progress, will smile a little sadly at the new communiqués. For until Russia is a guest, not a ghost, at these conferences they cannot move much further than their predecessors.

The Trustification of Germany

ALMOST simultaneously come reports from Germany of proposed industrial amalgamations in steel, in oil, in chemicals. Prince Donnersmarck, an intimate friend of the ex-Kaiser, is said to be the dominating figure in a combination of steel firms in Upper Silesia. Five great companies are mentioned: among them Otto Wolff, August Thyssen, and the Rhein-Elbe-Union. Three or four years ago Hugo Stinnes made a special trip to Italy to consult Judge Gary as to the feasibility of a German steel trust. Stinnes died before his dream came true, but who knows if, harp in hand, he is destined before long to look over the rim of heaven and see it realized. It was Stinnes, furthermore, who developed for our inspection the plan for a "vertical" trust, controlling a commodity from natural resource to finished product. Meanwhile, one of the sometime Stinnes oil properties, the Haniel-Riebeck, the Deutsche Petroleum Gesellschaft, Deutsche Erdöl, Ruetgers Werke, and perhaps others are feeling their way toward a loose confederacy in oil. And certain great chemical companies, headed by the powerful Badische Soda und Anilin Fabrik, are following suit in the chemical industry.

The reasons assigned for the move are the usual and patent ones. Competition means heavy overhead cost—separate advertising, separate sales agencies, over-diversification of products to meet all markets. Consolidation means standardization; specialization—"each firm being allotted certain types of manufacture for which it is best fitted from the viewpoints of geographical location and other factors which figure in determining selling prices and profits"; the combination of importing, sales, and distribution agencies; and the elimination of the great burden of competitive overhead costs. If prices can be maintained or not greatly lowered, operating costs will be so reduced under a regime of consolidation that profit margins, even on the basis of an inflated capitalization, will reach heights hitherto unknown.

Out of the same relentless logic the United States Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil Company were born and nourished. Even as we strive to copy the superior technical efficiency of the Germans in treating materials, they are copying America's superior technical efficiency in floating financial consolidations. Which raises again the problem whether, from the point of view of the wayfaring man, industrial monopolies are good things or bad things. They are obviously bad—as all the yeomanry of trust-busting have pointed out—in being greedy, rapacious, labor-baiting, corruptors of legislatures, staunch maintainers of the principle of all the traffic will bear. They are also obviously good—as the trust-busters have failed to point out—in eliminating a large margin of industrial waste; in attempting to coordinate production to demand, to steady employment and prices; in balancing the industrial load. In regions where competitive salesmanship has reached the dizzy heights known in Western civilization, a good tight monopoly is one of the greatest cost reducers ever heard of. Even if the monopoly grabs the lion's share of the margin brought about by such economies, the public may still receive substantial benefits in steadier and sometimes lower prices, to say nothing of the benefits of standardization and a dependable supply. Furthermore, if and when the public, through the agency of government, or cooperative associations, or industrial unions, is ready to regulate or control the means by which it is sheltered, fed, and clothed, the transition from the basis of a trustified industry is immensely less complicated than from the basis of competitive industry. A good share of the necessary technical coordination has already been accomplished.

And there we are. The personnel, the arrogance of the private trust is usually intolerable; the appalling loss, leak, and friction of the dog-eat-dog performance of competitive industry are also, and increasingly, intolerable. It will take more astute and more unprejudiced economists than we have produced to date to say where the balance lies. Other things being equal, one would suspect that the passage of German industry through an era of monopoly would tend to be rather less of an evil and more of a benefit to the underlying population than has been the historical course in America. Of course other things are not equal today. Germany's speculation period, reaching its frenzied climax in the days of the Ruhr invasion, left her trade unions powerless and her workers on the bare subsistence level. The Dawes Plan, which has stopped the financial madness, is a program of salvation by business. But the Germans—with no windy visions fed on unlimited natural resources and on an unlimited alien population to exploit—have, after all, some sense of state. It is just possible they may realize the benefits of industrial coordination, while keeping their kings of steel and oil and chemicals from the manners and policies which have distinguished their compeers in this republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Police Run Wild in Cleveland

By RUSSELL T. HERRICK

[The recent wave of official thuggery against Chinese in America, discussed in an editorial article on page 398, possibly reached its crest in Cleveland. On the other hand, it is evident from the account below that, contrary to experience elsewhere, there was a considerable reaction of indignation on the part of the public. Cleveland was the largest city to cast a majority of its votes for La Follette in 1924.]

ABOVE Cleveland's Chinatown rises the gray spire of what Cleveland calls affectionately the "Old Stone Church." There, many years ago, worshiped John Hay and there, presumably, he imbibed some of the lofty idealism that led to the enunciation of the Open Door in China.

If the spirit of John Hay lurks over the old church, this is what it has seen during recent days:

Six hundred and twelve Chinese, old men and children, merchants and laundrymen, laborers and students, arrested and thrown into jail without warrant or other legal process.

More than 100 Chinese business places peremptorily closed by police action; scores of Chinese shops and dwelling places broken into by these same police.

This "round-up" that out-Palmered Palmer in the weird days of the Red hysteria that followed the World War was carried out under the direct orders and supervision of the Director of Public Safety and indorsed by the City Manager of the fifth city of the United States. It was explained as a necessary police measure to punish the Chinese of Cleveland for allowing one of their number, Yee Chock, to be murdered on September 22.

Yee Chock, an obscure member of the Chinese community of Cleveland, was found slain in a Chinatown tenement, his head nearly separated from his body. The cry went up: "Chinese tong murder," and the police department, under the orders of the Director of Public Safety, Edwin D. Barry, rolled up its sleeves and waded in.

Practically the entire available police force was put to work "cleaning up" Chinatown. Chinese laundrymen were pulled from behind their ironing boards; waiters and proprietors of eating places were taken away from their tables. The Chinese population of the city was dragged to the police stations. Pedestrians were taken up on the sidewalks, even students at Cleveland institutions of learning were swept up in what the headline writers like to call the "drag-net."

Barry was busy and boisterous.

"The Chinese know who did this murder. They won't tell us. We'll keep them in jail until they do. They defy us, but we'll break the rule of the tong," the Director of Public Safety is reported as saying.

For nearly two days the "round-up" continued. The Chinese overwhelmed the cell space at police headquarters. The "bull pen" was so crowded that many of the prisoners were forced to stand up all night. Among these all-night standees were several old men.

It was announced that all those arrested would be fingerprinted and examined as to their right to be in the United States. The intimation of the newspaper stories on the day following the raids was that scores and possibly hundreds would be deported as having no legal right to be in the United States. Yet on September 26, five days after the beginning of the outbreak, all but thirteen had been released, and these thirteen were held merely for "further investigation" by federal officials.

That all Cleveland is not as Prussian as the heads of its police department was evidenced the days after the raids, when protests began to pour in. Two judges before whom habeas corpus proceedings were brought denounced the police action as high-handed and ordered the release of the prisoners. Police prosecutors frankly admitted that there was no legal ground upon which the great bulk of the prisoners could be held.

Perhaps the most effective protest came from the pastor of the Old Stone Church, the Rev. William Hiram Foulkes, who in an open letter to the City Manager, William R. Hopkins, expressed his indignation at the wholesale flouting of the constitutional rights of a considerable group of Cleveland's citizens. He pointed to the fact that for thirty years his church had been conducting a Sunday-school class for Chinese and that it once numbered John Hay in its membership.

"Shall the city that claimed him [John Hay] as one of its most illustrious citizens allow itself to be belittled by such work as was done yesterday?" he wrote.

Yet the police are sticking to their guns. Barry, replying to Dr. Foulkes, declared that the Chinese of Cleveland had been warned to keep the peace. He construed the murder as a defiance of this police order.

Some months ago there was a shooting in Chinatown, laid to the tongs. Shortly thereafter representatives of the Hip Sing and On Leong tongs were called to a peace meeting in Barry's office. They were duly admonished to be good and to love one another.

After the courts had ordered the release of all the prisoners who brought habeas corpus proceedings the police relented and allowed the restaurants to resume business, but refused them their dance permits, which many of the larger ones had had for several years. Saturday was approaching when Cleveland must have its week-end shirts and collars, and the laundries were allowed to get busy again. There has been a considerable financial loss to Chinese business interests and there is talk of suits against the city. In some instances Chinese laundrymen when arrested were told they would be let out in a few hours. They left the fires in their laundries going. They were kept over night at police headquarters and at least one fairly serious fire resulted. The interiors of several other laundry shops were badly damaged by steam.

Protests to the Chinese Legation and a request to the Department of State for an investigation and report have taken the quarrel outside of Cleveland. China has no marines to land, as would have been done had the situation been reversed, but possibly the Cleveland incident may prove one more obstacle to the cause of peace in the Far East and better understanding between the white man and the yellow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sweet Land of Liberty

A GOOD bird's-eye view of the state of civilization in the United States is found in the monthly reports of the American Civil Liberties Union. What follows is a condensation of the bulletin for August:

Lynchings

Mississippi. Sidney Townes, a wounded insane Negro, held for murder, was taken from Sheriff Front at Scobey on August 12 by a mob of 100 men and lynched.

Missouri. Miller Mitchell, Negro, was taken from the city jail at Excelsior on August 7 by a mob of 500 men and lynched. He was charged with assault upon a white woman.

Mob Violence and the Ku Klux Klan

North Dakota. One hundred and eighteen members of the Agricultural Workers' Union No. 110, I. W. W., who had been arrested for riding freight trains en route to the harvest fields, were turned over to an armed mob on August 25 by Sheriff Rose of the Cass County jail and deported into Minnesota.

Massachusetts. Five men were shot in a riot after a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan at the Libby Forum, Framingham, on August 10, when anti-Klan groups attacked the dispersing Klansmen. Seventy-five arrests were made.

Maryland. On August 17 a mob of 500 white residents of Baltimore forced Samuel Krayer, a white landlord, to refund the rent of a house on Lamont Avenue to a Negro family and compelled the family to leave.

Michigan. Dr. Alex L. Turner, Negro graduate of the University of Michigan, and three other Negro families of Detroit were evicted from their homes recently and their furniture smashed by a mob of white people.

New York. M. M. Robertson, a real estate agent, and five others were indicted by the Richmond grand jury on August 28, charged with conspiracy to coerce Samuel Brown, a Negro postman, and his wife, a public school teacher, to leave a white neighborhood in Staten Island.

Louisiana. Lured by a fake telegram, an unknown young woman was tarred and feathered by a mob of women in the yard of the Tremont Lumber Company at Enos, Jackson Parish, on July 27, and ordered to leave town. She had been attacked similarly two weeks before for alleged immorality.

New Jersey. In a riot which ensued when Italian Fascisti raided an anti-Fascisti meeting in Newark on August 16 seven persons were hurt.

Criminal Cases

Kentucky. Bruce I. Susong, managing editor of the *Kentucky Post* at Covington, was arrested in July charged with violating the new "gossip law," on complaint of Mayor O'Donovan and City Auditor Murphy, whose administration of city finances he had criticized.

Pennsylvania. Four members of the Young Workers' League were arrested at Philadelphia on August 9 charged with distributing seditious literature, which consisted of circulars protesting against the expulsion of Samuel Miller from the Citizens' Military Training Camp at Camp Meade.

New York. Charles S. Sumner, superintendent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, accompanied by a detective, raided the Craftsman Bindery Company in New York City on August 18 and seized on a search warrant 680 copies of "My Life" by Frank Harris. Jacob Sidowsky and Harry J. Lebovits, employees, were arrested charged with printing an obscene book.

Illinois. Police raided the offices of the Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America at Chicago on August 14. Of 63 members arrested, 14 were held on charges of conspiracy to intimidate strike-breakers, on complaint of the International Tailoring Company.

Connecticut. William Simons, organizer of the Workers' Party, was arrested for selling the *Workers' Monthly* at a picnic at Derby, on August 16, and fined $10 and costs for "peddling without a license."

Arkansas. On complaint of the Greenwood Coal Company, Gomer Jones, vice-president of District No. 21 of the United Mine Workers of America, and S. A. Robertson, another official, are cited to appear in the Chancery Court at Fort Smith, for planning a parade in violation of a 1917 injunction.

Civil Cases

Illinois. Judge Hugo Pam of the Superior Court of Cook County on August 10 upheld the constitutionality of the recently enacted anti-injunction act of Illinois in refusing a blanket anti-picketing injunction to the International Tailoring Company of Chicago against the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

New York. An injunction against peaceful picketing by members of the Retail Shoe Salesmen's Union of New York City was issued in July by Supreme Court Judge Tierney.

Ohio. The Butcher Workmen's Union of Cincinnati are appealing to the Ohio Supreme Court against an injunction issued by Judge Roettinger of the Hamilton County Common Pleas Court perpetually enjoining them from picketing. The president and the union were fined $100 each for picketing.

West Virginia. Van A. Bittner, organizer, and a number of officials of the United Mine Workers of America were served notice of a permanent injunction which had been issued in 1924 restraining their union from organizing in Logan County, on their arrival there on August 25. Later they were ordered to leave town by a committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

Pennsylvania. Judge E. C. Newcomb, of Scranton, in issuing an injunction recently restraining Meat Cutters and Butchers' Union No. 111 and E. F. Grady, organizer of the American Federation of Labor, from picketing the market of Frank Carr, defined the attempt to unionize a plant as "an unlawful purpose."

Academic Freedom

New York. The dismissal six years ago of Benjamin Glassberg, a teacher in the Commercial High School of Brooklyn, for alleged radical opinion was sustained by the State Board of Education on August 11.

Professor Manley H. Harper, head of the Department of English and director of the summer school, and Professor Harry B. Smith, his assistant, in the Geneseo Normal School, are appealing to Commissioner Graves against their dismissal, without a hearing, on vague charges of radicalism.

New Jersey. Professor A. R. Ackerman, teacher of mathematics and general science for three years at the Phillipsburg High School, who was requested on May 13 to resign because of "inferior work," is demanding a hearing of the State Board of Education. He insists that his political views are the real reason.

Iowa. Professor Aldena Carlson, head of the English Department of Ellsworth College at Iowa Falls for four years, was dismissed by the trustees at a recent meeting for "unpatriotic activities" in the La Follette campaign.

Ohio. A temporary injunction restraining the Board of Education of East Liverpool from permitting teaching of the Bible in the public schools was granted by the Common Pleas Court on August 22 on application of R. H. Perry, taxpayer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Words for the Chisel

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

The moss will creep upon your name
And fill the cleft of mine,
And scraggly grasses grow and frame
The granite's oblong line.

This unsubstantial air we cleave
To rear us massive form
Will aid the moss, the viney weave,
The little clumsy worm

Within whose body all the crust
Of earth is powdered so
Often—with such patient lust
Against such passive woe.

Bird Music

By JAMES RORTY

The singing of birds is as certain as the long
Stroke of the March rains on the waning snows
Of winter; when the white-throat's quiver of song
Is shaken on the wind that blows
A rippled path upon the thawing lake,
Halt if you will that clear annunciation, hush
If you can the peepers' chant, or push
Back in the twig the tender-strong
Pink buds of the willow.

Earth that awakes in leaf and flower needs
Voices no less; there is a potency that breeds
Blue-birds upon the misty air,
Flying and calling; in that slow
Ecstatic warble I can hear
Earth melting and the flow
Of climbing sap, and the incessant sound
Of seeds that whisper underground. . . .

As mutely as an April dawn
Flowers the sky, the cherry boughs
Leap into blossom; the new leaves are born
Into the sunlight without sound. . . .
This silence is the living seed
Of music planted in the ground
Or drifting, falling
Out of the air with the oriole's calling.

Now in the summer do I find
Myself according with the simple, blind,
Triumphant logic of the pines that rear
Gray shafts of certitude and power
From earth to heaven; here
Music is constant as the light, and strong
As that blue curve of mountain; hour on hour
The vireo's song is woven on the green
Hush of the forest. . . . Summer is a bright
Stain on the cloak of silence thrown
From star to star, from night to night;
Nothing shall fade it; forever sown
On the face of darkness, the late gods who reel
Beneath the sleet of frozen worlds shall feel
A flutter of brave immutable wings. . . .
Fire in the ice . . . silence that sings.

Contemporaries

By LOLA RIDGE

Still Water

I know you flower darkly, and perceive—
As one eavesdropping on your silences
That hold as sluggish waters in duress
Their huddled lilies—the dream-shapes you weave
As gaudy as your hair—avowals spun
To match its golden candor where light clings
As light might to a crocus or such things
As share the mother favor of the sun.

Pit-patter silver, little feet of rain
Soft on our skylight, whence the night—alit
In wonted secrecy—looks down at you,
Whose eyes meet smoothly over an old pain
As water the pale corpse consigned to it
Incloses—and stays continently blue.

Shadow

Though—statued to a savage innocence
That wills to seize and, seizing, to devour—
You hold your head stately as a flower
Of cactus, your wit tempered and made tense
To parry, as with medieval lance,
Life at its point, yet with a dread surmise
As one who fears old ambush you advance—
Rimmed in the golden distance of your eyes
A gone horizon reeling—and the stench
Of death—and only your eyes' roving spark,
Not all the rain of centuries can quench,
Two points of amber fire in the dark. . . .
And, nailed with stars above some Tyrian tree,
Night stretching a vast cross of ebony.

After the Recital

Who knows—not they who in their hearts yclept
Him black doll of the world—if, in the night
That clasped him like a mate, dark watch he kept,
Or if, goaded by soliciting light
Audacious as hibiscus flowers, he,
Five-pierced with old pain uncomforted,
Dreamed a free island like a spindling thread
Unraveling silver in some mooned sea.

Who cared—amid the suave-shoed, white-skinned day
That scanned his body—if beneath her fires
Yet throbbing like five wounds unhealed he lay,
Back turned—as one not caring overmuch
To see her golden head upon the spires
And all the windows flower at the touch.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British Trade Unionism at Scarborough

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

[*At Scarborough, in early September, the British Trade Union Congress, an account of which appears in Scott Nearing's article on page 405, adopted a resolution advocating world-wide unity of the trade-union movement, including the Russian unions; another denouncing British imperialism as a form of capitalist exploitation; and a third advocating the formation of shop committees in all British work-shops. A resolution giving power to the general council of the congress to call a strike in all trades was defeated. The session, however, marked a distinct surge to the left among the British trade unions. "Emperor" Cook of the miners declared that "the trade-union congress is the parliament of the future."*

The trade-union action, together with recent criticisms of party action or inaction by George Lansbury and others, led many to expect the Labor Party congress at Liverpool in the closing days of September to register a similar radical trend, but its first act—to affirm by a 9-to-1 vote the exclusion of Communists from the British Labor Party—seemed to indicate that the moderates led by ex-Premier MacDonald were still in firm control.]

London, September 21

THE words of political personages are studied too often in these days not that they may be understood but that they may be twisted for political propaganda, and in this country at the moment that is particularly true of Liberal critics of the Labor Party. American readers have therefore to be very guarded in their acceptance of Liberal writers who take Labor speeches as their texts. The comments on the transactions of the Scarborough Trade Union Congress make me write these sentences. The Scarborough meeting was held at a time when the peculiar truce in the coal trade, and the means by which it was secured, gave a special importance to what is known as "direct action," to the numerically small but active section that finds inspiration and funds from Moscow and to those who, under pressure of the distress that is prevalent and the difficulty of devising immediate remedies for it, feel the necessity of relieving themselves by demonstrations and crying out.

The nerves of many of our people are on edge. One section is as sensitive as a man with the gout, sees red everywhere, and is sure that a combination of Jews, Bolshevists, and Socialists are plotting the rape of persons and the destruction of the state. When I was at Stockport taking part in the by-election this week, I was left in no doubt of the existence of these timorous people. Many of them are rationally with us but emotionally on the point of stampede, torn in their faith, seeking refuge in what they know to be but a ramshackle shanty, the Tory Party, obeying the most primitive of herd instincts like the untrained soldier who cannot help ducking his head at the whiz of a bullet. Among them Scarborough had done execution. Both Liberals and Conservatives "boohed" incessantly to make a stampede against Red Ruin, and Mr. Baldwin in his letter to the electors deplored the fact that a Liberal candidate was dividing forces that ought to be united in repelling the common unconstitutional enemy. Our Tory Party with its Irish record is a constitutional bulwark to be joked about rather than relied upon, but the popular mind when disturbed is irrational and gregarious. In spite of all this we pulled off Stockport with far greater decisiveness than appears in the face of the figures.* It was touch and go, however, at one time, owing to Scarborough, and during the next year many things will happen to raise again and again this troublesome question of the limitations of the political method in democratic progress. Students of this problem will do well to keep their eye upon immediate developments here.

Writing to *The Nation* for August 26 on the specific question of the patched-up peace in the coal trade, I drew attention to the impetus it had given to industrial action as opposed to political, and *The Nation* in the following week made some critical comments raising issues which in actual practice we are facing here every month. The position of the Labor Party has been that the political and industrial methods are not separate and exclusive but are complementary and should be coordinated into a policy with a conscious social aim and purpose, and that the constructive conceptions of socialism can be carried out with greatest security, stability, and benefit by political action. The test of that philosophy undoubtedly comes in times like these when two evils are playing havoc with people's minds. The first is the subversion of democratic political methods by unscrupulous party agents charged at any cost to produce party victories, by stunt newspapers, by wealth and social influence used to rouse emotions of fear and so snatch decisions at a general election which in no way represent the normal mind of the electorate. A panic is created for a few days, the election day being included; a majority is given which may determine for four or five years what opinions and interests are to rule the country; and the public speedily find, like Moses in "The Vicar of Wakefield," that they have been outrageously spoofed. This, unfortunately, is no fancy picture. Furthermore, once the Government is elected, hidden and private influences grip and mold its policy almost hour by hour. The other difficulty is that the economic and political problems which beset this country owing to the war are unusually difficult and may well baffle the wisest and ablest of men.

In *The Nation's* comment, reference was made to "a wistful odor of eighteenth-century political philosophy" as the explanation why some of us still believe in political methods as the way of social change. That begs everything. As a matter of fact, the Labor constitutionalists (hateful word) can claim to be distinguished from their Moscow opponents, and from all who more or less belong to that school, not by the musty odors they sniff but by the hard facts they see. Always keeping in mind that our policy is devised on the assumption that there is a place and function for industrial action in democracy, the real issue is between us and two well-defined coteries who have little in common except that they regard themselves as

* The Labor candidate won the seat with 20,219 votes; the Conservative had 17,892, and the Liberal 17,296 votes. At the last election Conservatives won both Stockport seats.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minority movements. The first is the camp which, moved deeply by the ills of society and holding to an expectation that if certain reorganization were to take place these ills would be removed, find it irksome or dull or impossible to devise ways and means of transformation. To these, patient (which to me means honest) work upon the details of transformation—the work which consists in doing the maximum of good day by day, led by the belief that a partial change if made as a stage in an evolutionary system will lead to further and progressive changes—cannot command the allegiance of public opinion or keep up the fighting spirit of a party. They have a poor conception of the public intelligence. They remain in the propaganda stage and, on parliamentary committees and the public platform, make exactly the same speeches, which are semi-religious testimonies against things as they are, expressive of general ideas to which they are unable to give a practical content. Their method, when they are driven to confess to it, is that if we get opinion against the existing order there will be no difficulty in setting up a better one. With these one can have little patience. Heads that are at one moment lifted up into the heavens and the next buried snugly in the sand are not of much use in the work that lies before us. The other section, far more realist and far bolder in the way they face the facts, take the simple communist view that force must be the midwife of progress, that political power must be seized by some coup and cannot be won through the ballot box. There are also floating margins that toy with all the positions. Such are the movements within the progressive tides in British life today.

Is it possible to rescue from these eddies any truth at all and fix it as a guiding post in the stream? I believe it is. I believe it is vain to expect from industrial action much of a reconstructive character; its characteristic value is defense; it can check. I believe that the economic power which controls so much of our political life today can only be subordinated to the common weal by an invigoration of the political life itself. That does not abandon the political field, in the meanwhile, to economic control; the actual problems of the day must be met as they arise by action designed to meet them, sometimes purely industrial, sometimes purely political, sometimes a mixture of both. Where political (that includes moral) instincts are weak and economic ones are strong, economic conflicts will be frequent and will occupy a great part of political attention, but a government that allows political initiative to be lost and to turn the state into a mere police force or a bribing agency is playing the game of those who wish for a separation between industrial and political labor and is creating in practical action an anti-parliamentary movement.

The disquieting weakness of democracy is its caveman herd mind, but neither by revolutionary nor direct action is that to be got over. It robs successful action of any real gain. It has to be educated out. Therefore, eighteenth-century constitutionalism has been an essential and permanent contribution to the historical growth of popular liberty, but to add nothing to it or to refrain from building upon it stories of political truth that carry us nearer to a completed fabric is as unscientific and as foolish as to put it away in the museums which we visit, to laugh at the errors of our fathers, and as detached and enlightened children to marvel at their demeanors and their costumes. These issues, as interesting to the political philosopher as to the man of action, are being fought out in this country today. Liverpool, where the Labor Party Conference meets in ten days, will be an interesting and pertinent comment on Scarborough.

British Labor Turns to the Left

By SCOTT NEARING

London, September 12

BRITISH labor flung the threat of revolt in the teeth of British employers at the Trade Union Congress which opened in Scarborough September 7. From the address with which the president, A. B. Swales, opened the congress to the brilliant pleas for world labor unity voiced by Fred Bramley, J. W. Brown, and M. Tomsky, there were warnings against the "conspiracy between the capitalists and the government" and declarations that "the time has come for labor to take matters into its own hands." Mr. Swales at the first session hit straight out from the shoulder:

> This movement of ours has learned many lessons during these years of reaction engineered by the employers, and one of the lessons is that a militant and progressive policy, consistently and steadily pursued, is the only policy that will unify, consolidate, and inspire our rank and file. . . . Everything points to a period of industrial strife and conflict. . . . There are surely signs over the whole field of industry which indicate that vast and revolutionary changes must take place in industrial structure to meet the changed conditions. . . . Some day assuredly our people will sweep away the system that produces such appalling conditions, and erect in its place a structure based upon cooperation, in which every man and woman shall be assured the full fruits of their labor.

It is impossible, in a few sentences, to convey an impression of the power with which these ideas were driven home. Only after the rounds of applause had died away did the auditors realize that they had been listening, not to a demand for immediate economic improvements, but to a survey of the forces that are sweeping the British labor movement to a realization of the role that it is destined to play in the building of a new social order.

Equally convincing were the words with which Fred Bramley, secretary of the General Council and president of the Amsterdam International Federation of Trade Unions, presented the issue of world trade union unity:

> We consider it our duty to stand by the working classes of Russia [he said]. The attitude of the International Federation of Trade Unions heretofore has been that Russia must affiliate with the International first and discuss afterward. The Russians desired a conference before they affiliated. The attitude of no discussion before affiliation we believe to be a wrong attitude.

This was a direct challenge to the Amsterdam International, of which the British unions constitute the largest group. Mr. Bramley then turned his attention to Russia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> We must consider Russian problems in relation to the past history of Russia [he said]. The Russian revolution is the first revolution in all history that has aimed at and secured the overthrow of exploitation. It is also the world's first experiment in the working-class control of public affairs. There is one great lesson that the Russian revolution has taught us. You may cut off the heads of kings and queens; you may abolish royal families and imprison emperors; you may launch devastating wars upon the world and slaughter the workers by the millions, and still be forgiven and accepted into the comity of nations. We have had experience with these matters in our own country and in our own day. But if you disturb the landed interests and abolish the exploitation of the wage-earner, you will be ostracized and attacked by the whole capitalist world. You will be compelled to face what Russia faces now. Russia, from our point of view, is a nation at bay, and we consider it our duty to stand by the working-class movement of Russia.

Cheers greeted the speech, and the resolution, which indorsed the efforts of the General Council to secure "world-wide unity of the trade-union movement through an all-inclusive federation of trade unions," was passed by acclamation.

Savage attacks were made upon the Dawes Plan, which was denounced by A. J. Cook of the miners as "damning not only the German workers but damning the British workers too." Harry Pollitt described the plan as the interference of the "American financial dictatorship to prevent a social revolution in Germany."

Only one delegate spoke in defense of the plan; when he had finished the congress passed with a shout the resolution condemning "the enslavement of the German workers under the Dawes Plan," and pledging the British labor movement "to assist the German workers in every possible way to improve their standard of life."

But when it came to the application of these generalizations to the immediate problems before the British workers, the congress proceded with true British caution. At its first working session, the congress considered a resolution granting more power to the General Council (the executive committee of the congress). The resolution was hotly debated. The recent mine crisis is still fresh in the trade-union mind, and constant references were made to it. On one side were a number of small-craft unions and conservative trade-union leaders. Ranged on the other side were the miners and a number of the more progressive delegates. "It is only power that counts," cried A. J. Cook of the miners. "No union ought to fight alone. The time has gone by. You will be smashed. In the trade-union movement we must have centralized power."

"Power is essential, but common sense is sometimes necessary," answered J. H. Thomas of the railwaymen. "The power already held by the General Council is sufficient."

Here was an acute issue: a sharp struggle for power. American visitors leaned forward. "Something will happen," they told one another. But J. H. Clynes, W. J. Brown, and E. Bevin followed "on the side of caution," as Clynes phrased it. The congress then deferred action for a year!

The congress is a unique body. There were 724 delegates at this, the one hundred and fifty-seventh session, representing about 4,343,000 members. A dozen women were accredited delegates. Among the seven hundred men there were a few gray heads, but most were in the prime of life, and many were under thirty-five. The majority of the delegates were union officials, but a number had come straight from the shops. Probably two hundred of the delegates were first- or second-rate speakers. For the most part they used no notes. Their remarks were thoughtful, and to the point. There was nothing like an American steam roller in the congress. The length of speeches is rigidly limited: ten minutes for the mover of a resolution, seven minutes for the seconder, and five minutes for discussions from the floor. If the delegates have heard enough discussion, they begin to call out: "Agreed! Agreed!" or "Vote! Vote!"

The language used at the congress is picturesque, racy, and quite largely socialistic. Neil McLean's broad Scotch follows the finished parliamentary diction of the Right Honorable J. R. Clynes. One delegate remarked that Tomsky's Russian was almost as difficult to follow as Herbert Smith's Yorkshire brogue. A. J. Cook's fiery staccato contrasts with the deliberate, homely phrases of J. H. Thomas.

To be sure, this was a "left" congress. A. B. Swales, A. A. Purcell, head of the British trade-union delegation to Russia; George Hicks, Fred Bramley, and their co-workers had things all their own way after the first day. Still the movement is far bigger than the personality of any one man or of any small group of men. The British workers, face to face with the economic disintegration of the British Empire, are rapidly preparing themselves and their movement to take control of the economic activities of the United Kingdom. Day after day, at this congress, it was made clear by the delegates that this process of shifting control would be accomplished economically rather than politically. Ramsay MacDonald is personally popular among the delegates, but the late Labor Government is a by-word of reproach.

Completion

By JAMES DALY

The ferns had waited long—
but she came to them with a spontaneity
phenomenal in one of whom the slower pace
seemed more expressive.

On a wicker table, by the mottled wall,
the ferns had waited long.
And she was sprightly in her coming,
and in her hand she held a book.

What if she never read?
She saw the birds, she saw the birds,
she saw them all, and heard them sing,
and lent a meaning to the waiting ferns.

Oh, in her hour of summing up,
do not forget:
Swiftly she came, whose pace was old and measured—
who lent a meaning to the ferns.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The British Miner's Prophet

By WILSON MIDGLEY

A LITTLE over five years ago the man who has inflicted on Premier Baldwin the only defeat he has suffered was working eight hours a day tearing coal out of a deep seam in a Welsh mine. As secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain A. J. Cook made the Prime Minister reverse his own decision at a few days' notice, call off a threatened strike by undertaking an official inquiry, and guarantee a subsidy to miners' wages which will amount to several million pounds and last for several months until the inquiry concludes.

Of course the miners' victory was won because Cook was backed by older and wiser heads than his on the miners' executive, by the great transport unions, and by a general feeling on the part of the public that the miners had at least some kind of right on their side; but the fact that the public believed that Jack was the giant-killer, that he could be called "Emperor Cook," and that he could arouse, as he has done, the hatred of the reactionaries and the fears of the liberals shows that Cook stands for something in himself.

As a matter of fact, he is the mental and physical embodiment of the typical British miner of the present day. He is a man of forty with an eager, almost boyish, face, simple blue eyes, the red hair of courage, and a body marked with those nasty bluish scars that are left by wounds in a mine. He conceives his plans in loneliness and then carries them out like an embodied energy, sweeping everybody along by his infectious enthusiasm and love of human beings and their company. He talks like a prophet pleading for the soul of the world in long, tireless, impassioned speeches. He loves humor and ease and books, but he has little time for them in his life and no use for them in his speeches. He represents the miner's almost fierce resentment and despair that all the inquiries and all the promises and all the schemes do not improve his position radically; he represents his determined mystical hope that somehow things are going to be radically altered and that he will be able once again to give way to that natural cheerfulness which has been under a cloud now for many years.

Cook was reared in that classical breeding ground of rebel miners, the Rhondda Valley. It is one of a series which the high mountains of South Wales, stretching like the fingers of a hand down to the sea, shut out from the sunlight and almost from the air. A single road runs up them, and everything that goes up must come out by the same route. They are *cul de sacs* to the body and too often to the mind. The Welsh miner lives and works in these valleys where often there is not room for the river and the road and the railroad to run side by side, where houses are cracked from ridge to basement by the undermining, where a football field may be the only level ground for miles, where the miner still washes off the muck and sweat in a tub on the hearth for which his wife must carry the water from a standpipe outdoors and heat it in kettles on the fire. Cook was not born in the Rhondda. He lived as a boy in the green fields of Somerset and something of their freshness

Felt in the blood and felt along the heart

must have begun the fever of unrest which has worked like a ferment in him ever since. Its first outlet was in preaching at the age of sixteen. For most Welsh miners religion takes the place of sunlight. The old type of miner was happy to divide his life between periods on his knees before the coal-face and on his knees before his God. He is, of course, a Fundamentalist, but the chief consolation of his religion is a febrile emotion. Into that movement young Cook was swept up and and as speedily thrown out when his mind opened out to wider ideas. The socialism in his mind began to get into his sermons. The position was strained when he asked permission for his Sunday-school football team to undress in an ante-room of the chapel. It was refused; the football team attached itself to a public-house which naturally did not think changing your trousers for football some kind of sin, and Cook was in the wilderness.

Respectability and hypocrisy had hit him and he began to hit back. In those constant disputes which gather round mining work he became known as one of those who naturally speak up and take the lead. Perhaps because he has red hair he spoke more vigorously than was always necessary, perhaps his red hair looked like a danger signal to foremen and masters; but Cook began to be known. He did not conceal his hatred for the life and conditions of himself and his mates, and when a man had to be dropped it frequently happened to be Cook. His was a Spartan life. He was a total abstainer, an athlete, a man with a rage for work. He loved difficulty and welcomed danger and so he could always get employment, but when the need for a special man had passed he could always say or do something which made him lose it again.

When his boy was born he had been out of work for some weeks; when a little girl followed he managed to get back to work the day before she arrived. But between these events he had had his contact with both culture and life. He won a scholarship at the age of twenty-two to the Central Labor College in London. His young wife and he gave up their home. She went uncomplainingly to live with her parents, but after a few months Cook had to come back and start earning money for the young lady just mentioned. He probably got in those few months as much as college teachers could give him. They showed him how to handle books. They opened his eyes to the wider meaning of socialism, and to this youth who had never lacked confidence in his cause they gave confidence in himself.

The war by this time was playing havoc with life in the Rhondda. The youngest and the strongest had gone, but the Government was demanding more and more coal. While they were asking the unions to see that they got more coal, their military representatives were carrying out the duty of military representatives and, in complete ignorance of problems of safety or the physical capacity of those left behind to stand the strain, they were impounding all the men they could steal away. They drew up a batch of young men in one of the pit-yards and marched them off to the recruiting officer. They were still drawn up in line while the tedious formalities were under way when a wild-eyed figure, coal-black from head to foot, dashed into their presence. Cook read the military and the miners a lecture on the situation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He quoted rules and regulations; he gave the men details about their rights and then he marched them "right about" out of the very hands of the soldiers. He fought the food-rationing system in the same way, until inspectors came down from London to see who this troublesome fellow was with his allegations that the miners must have more food or produce less coal. He took the officials to a line of men waiting to descend the pit and showed them one dinner-pail after another with nothing it it but dry bread. He took part in a public discussion on the rationing system, and then there happened what must have happened frequently to this fluent, blue-eyed gospeler: he could not believe that he had said what he was accused of. One of the kindliest and most intelligent magistrates in the British Isles had to send him to jail, but he went and had talks with him in his cell. Cook kept himself from going frantic, he told me once, by composing the speeches he would make when he got out.

When he did get out he had regained respectability. His respectable chapel judges of the past were reconciled by his opposition to a higher respectability. He began to lecture on Marxian economics. Six nights a week he delivered what he called lectures, but what more often were harangues and prophecies, to hundreds of men at a time, the men who had come back from the war looking for the new world of which there seemed to be no promise, or rather nothing but promises.

By a vote like a flood he was elected one of three organizers for the Rhondda Valley unit and then in the national strike of 1921 he took quite naturally the position of the leader of the Rhondda, the leader of the advanced section, the leader of the new movement in South Wales, and a sort of prophet of the new order. As we walked through the village streets together in that strike children ran in front of him to get his notice for a moment, old men came up to touch him as if he had a magic power.

Frank Hodges, a man reared by the same experiences, except that he was formed before the war, cool, polished, a crack student, quite a French scholar, resigned the secretaryship of the Miners' Federation, and to the surprise of everybody including themselves the federation found that it had chosen the famous firebrand Cook to succeed him in office.

The change was symbolical of the times, but we all prophesied that Cook would be sobered or broken by office. Neither horn of that dilemma has impaled him. In office as out he has gone on making his revolutionary speeches, often, I have no doubt, to his own surprise next day. Sometimes he may alarm his followers, but the times are desperate. The miners are fed full of facts and theories and statistics which will prove that an unendurable life is all there is for them to endure. Inquiries seem to produce no action and only confirm their own convictions and provide their opponents with more ammunition. For A. J. Cook as for most of them nationalization shines like a star. It is not a creed formulated in terms so much as a gospel offering the only visible hope. The British miner is not a revolutionary; he hates trouble, but he knows that in the present desperate circumstances men like Robert Smillie and A. J. Cook represent his feelings and his needs better than any member of the "old guard"; and now that Smillie has retired, Cook has inherited his allegiance, because at any rate he thinks he can see daylight, and has the vision, the courage, and the creative energy to fight his way through to it.

Protocols, Pacts, Alliances

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, September 17

THE Assembly of the League of Nations, after its flare-up of last year, has relapsed into its habitual tameness. The center of interest has shifted from Geneva to Lausanne, or Locarno, or wherever the forthcoming conference about the proposed Western Pact is to be held. It is not, of course, the fault of the League that the important matter of the moment is one outside its immediate supervision, or rather it is only indirectly the fault of the League. It is because Germany and Russia are not members of the League of Nations that the League is unable to tackle effectively the problem of European peace, and Germany at least is not a member of the League of Nations because the League as a whole had not the courage to resist the French determination to keep her out of it. Now, by a turn of the tables, France is imploring Germany to come in and even insisting that she shall as a condition of signing any pact. What a comment on French policy of the last seven years!

Although one speaker after another has proclaimed at Geneva his fidelity to the protocol, it is clear that that document in its present form is as dead as Queen Anne. I should suppose that half the governments that voted for it in the Assembly of last year did so in the hope that it would never be ratified. And the more people study the protocol the less they like it. Their dislike is from different reasons. No doubt the present British Government dislikes the principle of compulsory arbitration, which is of course a limitation of national sovereignty, but the uneasiness felt about the protocol in its present form by a large part of English and other opinion of the Left has other grounds. On the one hand it is felt that the protocol as it stands would be or might be an instrument for stereotyping all the existing territorial arrangements in Europe. On the other hand it is feared that the protocol could hardly make disarmament possible, since it compels every signatory Power to maintain an army for the purpose of the military sanctions for which it provides, and allows France to maintain all her separate military alliances.

What the League of Nations should have done last year was simply to agree on a protocol providing for compulsory arbitration in all international disputes without going any further for the moment. Once countries became accustomed to submitting disputes to arbitration, no government would dare to resort to war, and eventually disarmament would become possible. But France would not have compulsory arbitration pure and simple. French policy in this has never changed. It was the same under Herriot, and is the same under Painlevé, as it was under Poincaré. When the predecessor of the protocol, the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, was being discussed at Geneva, M. Henri de Jouvenel insisted on behalf of the Poincaré Government on the continuance of separate alliances, and Lord Cecil weakly agreed. The Treaty of Mutual Assistance was killed.

Last year, when the protocol was being discussed, exactly the same demand was made by M. Paul Boncour on behalf of the Herriot Government. The British dele-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gation opposed the demand and finally proposed as a compromise that all separate alliances should come to an end five years after the ratification of the protocol. The French delegation, of which, by the way, M. de Jouvenel again formed part, as he does this year, would not hear of any limitation, and Ramsay MacDonald instructed the British delegation to yield. He should have sacrificed the protocol rather than consent to such a condition. If all countries agree to submit all disputes to arbitration and to combine against any country violating that undertaking, what possible need can there be for defensive military alliances? One is reluctantly obliged to say that the insistence by France on the maintenance of such alliances is not evidence of a sincere desire for peace, for separate alliances have always been and always will be one of the principal causes of war.

The truth is that French policy has two principal aims: the stereotyping of all the territorial arrangements made by the peace treaties and the maintenance of the French alliances with Poland, Belgium, and other countries. It is because the French believe that the protocol is an instrument for securing those aims that they support it. Their idea of arbitration is a purely juridical one. The arbitrators are not to go into the question at issue on its merits, but simply to apply the "law," that is, the sacrosanct peace treaties. Last year the French and their satellites were terribly alarmed at MacDonald's proposal of compulsory arbitration, until the ingenious M. Benes saw how it could be used to stereotype existing territorial arrangements. Then he and M. Paul Boncour worked together on those lines and succeeded in obtaining the consent of the not very wide-awake British delegation to an instrument which in their opinion would do the trick. How can one help being suspicious about the protocol when one reads articles in its favor in papers like the *Gaulois* and the *Figaro*, to say nothing of the more conservative *Temps?*

Any attempt to stereotype the existing territorial arrangements in Europe must lead sooner or later to war. Hitherto frontiers have been altered by war or the threat of war. It is most desirable to make war impossible, but in that case provision must be made for altering frontiers, when necessary, by peaceful means. Otherwise there will be an explosion. To suppose that such frontiers as the present frontiers of Poland, which defy alike justice and common sense, can be permanent is madness. Protocol or no protocol, they will be altered sooner or later, if not by peaceful means, then by force. And they are by no means the only frontiers in Europe in the same case.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, up to very recently, could see little merit in the claims of certain books of etiquette. He could read large headlines: "Do you know how asparagus should be eaten?" or "Is it correct to shake hands with a lady?" and remain quite unmoved. The details of the proper trousseau for (1) a bride whose husband is a millionaire, (2) a bride who will have a comfortable income, (3) a bride who must live modestly for several years interested him not at all, except in so far as it was never assumed that the modest income was to be a permanent affair. But now he can see how mistaken he was. A book of etiquette may have meant nothing to him, but it has its uses: if he were rich, he would count it his duty to see that a copy of one of these works was placed in every laboring man's cottage in this broad land. If his friends consider that a rash, or perhaps unfortunate expenditure of wealth, even imaginary wealth, he can point to the plight of one Isadore Walpuff, who was lately desirous of becoming a citizen of the United States. Unhappily, Mr. Walpuff, in his eagerness to take out his final papers, neglected to put on a collar and tie.

* * * * *

NATURALLY, the excellent judge was horrified; his courtroom had never before been so desecrated. And he refused to grant citizenship papers to one who had so far forgot himself and the traditional attire of an American gentleman.

* * * * *

IF Mr. Walpuff had only had a book of etiquette, he might have read, perhaps on page 389 et seq., the correct apparel for one about to attain to the accolade of citizenship. A neat morning coat, a pair of pearl gray trousers, a white (linen) collar, and something refined but individual in the way of neckwear—how much more comfortable he would have felt garmented thus than in his ugly work clothes, and how quickly His Honor would have welcomed him as a member of the inner circle. If it be advanced that Mr. Walpuff, being a laboring man, probably had permanently mislaid his pearl gray trousers, then the question arises: "Should a laboring man be admitted to citizenship under any conditions, even supposing he had been so foresighted as to hire the proper clothes for the occasion?" Would it not be more suitable to limit the benefits of naturalization to gentlemen of the leisure class, persons who would never be at a loss either in a courtroom or before a plate of asparagus?

* * * * *

THE Drifter has himself always felt very kindly toward those alien born who take the trouble to become citizens of his country; they must first learn some of the ways of a strange land, they must acquaint themselves at least partially with its language, they must master certain of its laws when possibly laws in their own country were completely unknown to them. And they do this, with definite pain, for some tangible benefits and for many vague and intangible ones. The Drifter has always felt like stretching out a hand to them, partly, perhaps, because the benefits they hope to derive may so easily elude them. Those within the charmed circle are always less awed by its charms. In this case he feels that were he to do his duty he would at once establish a class for prospective citizens, giving instructions in wearing apparel and other matters vital to the life of the republic. But he rarely does his duty; and in the matter in hand his sympathies lie with the policeman who, set to watch at a polling place and encountering a discomfited would-be voter, inquired the cause of his discomfiture. "He say I no citizen," the would-be voter explained. The reply of the officer was instant and hearty: "Sure you're a citizen; don't you live here?"

* * * * *

WHICH strikes the Drifter as being a sensible solution of the problem and one that could safely be recommended to judges and immigration officers.

THE DRIFTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Does Prohibition Prohibit?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "These are not exceptional incidents," says Leonard Cline in his article Behind This Prohibition in the September 2 issue of your paper. They are "not exceptional" in the experience of Mr. Cline, as he is obviously a drinking man; but they would be very exceptional in my experience, as I am not a drinking man.

All that Mr. Cline shows in his sloppy and silly article is that there are men and women in this country, including public officials, who are willing to violate the liquor laws, and that there are others, like Mr. Cline, who are willing to aid and abet them.

This is hardly news, even to a total abstainer like myself. I am perfectly well aware that there are people willing to handle liquor today when there is a law against it, just as there are people willing to carry concealed weapons, sell opium and other drugs, race automobiles, commit theft and murder where there are laws against these offenses. The criminal, even in official positions, is no new phenomenon. But never until the prohibition criminal appeared have we had him and his indecent acts presented as an argument for repealing or modifying the law which he doesn't like.

In what he says about New York Mr. Cline is not only silly but misleading. *He* can get a drink in New York, of course, because he is "in cahoots" with the criminal conspiracy against the government in that city. But what about the man who is not thus advantaged? A dozen years ago a common man like myself, with no inside "dope," could get a drink on every corner, sometimes on three and even four sides of a corner. Today this common man would find it difficult to get a drink, and unless he is a confirmed tippler would not think the gain worth the trouble of a hunt. New York, I am ready to believe, is "wet"; but general public conditions are so much better today in this regard than they were when I first knew New York, eighteen years ago, that I would not have them changed back again for worlds.

We have drinkers with us, and we shall have them for a long time. They will get their liquor, for they prefer their selfish appetite to the public weal, and where there is a will there is a way. But these constitute only that inevitable body of criminality which exists under the operation of every law. In these early days of prohibition law-enforcement they are flourishing mightily; but the "set" of public sentiment is dead against them, and in due time they will become as relatively few, and as completely contemptible, as dope-fiends, wife-beaters, and bandits.

New York, September 3 JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Holmes, in his denunciation of my picture of New York under prohibition, does little more than affirm, it seems to me, that total abstainers like himself can now no longer get a drink. Men who do drink, he admits, will get their liquor, for "where there's a will there's a way." That was, of course, what I attempted to prove.

I undertook to show also that the way is easy. Mr. Holmes says that it is difficult, and then declares he has never tried. He perceives that since prohibition many of the old saloons have closed their doors. He goes on the assumption apparently that those remaining, ostensibly to serve near-beer and pop, actually do sell nothing else.

Mr. Holmes's attitude toward the prohibition law is draconic. The fact that it is multitudinously violated is no argument for its repeal, he contends; and men who take a drink will eventually become—if, indeed, they are not so already in Mr. Holmes's opinion—as contemptible as "dope-fiends, wife-beaters, and bandits."

I do not wish to be understood to predict a revolution over rum. But nearly two centuries ago a king and his parliament passed a law, and the violators of it flourished so mightily that they discarded king and parliament together and constituted themselves the United States of America. Laws can be passed that are so unpopular they can never be enforced. The only recourse of a sagacious government is to repeal or modify them.

And as for the contemptibility of drinking men, wife-beaters, and bandits: In England centuries ago, I believe, they hanged a man as readily for stealing a penny's-worth of bread as they did for murdering the curate. Today, tempering our justice with a better sense of values, we discriminate.

Amawalk, New York, September 19 LEONARD CLINE

Diet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* having encouraged me to tolerate others' views, no matter how contrary to mine, I hereby extend an invitation to the reviewer of "Rational Diet" by Otto Carqué to visit us and witness the practical working out of the main idea expounded in "Rational Diet." If he will only be fair-minded and at all reasonable, I promise not to call him uncomplimentary names.

May I suggest that you have a man who is interested in *modern* dietetics, and has read a few *modern* authorities on the subject, review this book?

Zephyrshills, Florida, September 15 ROSE Y. CHENKIN

The Pies That Mother Made

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent article on cooks of this generation and another was well timed and of great interest. But I would ask you to clarify your point in favor of grandmother by defining a good cook. In one important sense a good cook may be a bad cook; just as "good eating" is often the worst kind of eating.

Here is my protest: Proper ministration to the alimentary demands of man requires infinitely more than a knowledge of cookery—it requires the rare and priceless knowledge of nutrition.

In the preparation of their delectable offerings our mothers' only guides were taste, appearance, and abundance. Master chefs knew no better—few do to this day. Scientific dietetics was greatly in the dark. The facts hadn't been unearthed.

Two achievements of this generation are (1) the newer knowledge of the chemistry, the physiology, and notably the *biology* of nutrition; (2) the development of methods for organizing and disseminating such knowledge through a multiplicity of agencies.

True, our wives can't cook as our mothers cooked. They can't and, what's more, they *won't*—because they know better.

Glenside, Pennsylvania, September 7 ROBERT H. LEWIS

A Reasonable Demand

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Inclosed please find $2 for six months' subscription, as offered in your last issue. I think it would be fitting that I take the place in your fold of readers vacated by that distinguished Southern brother who left because he thought you did not soak the Catholics hard enough. The accident of birth has made me a Catholic, but I will listen to reason. I shall not expect you to defend the Catholic church, for I know it is too vulnerable. But I shall expect that you continue to denounce that modern imitation of the Spanish Inquisition, the Ku Klux Klan, not because it is anti-Catholic but because it is anti-liberal.

Sawtrelle, California, August 31 E. J. O'CONNELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some Notable Fall Books

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

Anthony, Katharine. Catherine the Great. Knopf. $5.
Baring-Gould, S. Further Reminiscences. 1864-1894. Dutton. $6.
Barrus, Clara. The Life and Letters of John Burroughs. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $12.50.
Best, Mary Agnes. Rebel Saints. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Bigelow, Poultney. Seventy Summers. Longmans, Green. 2 vols. $10.
Bishop, Joseph Bucklin. Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years. Scribner's. $2.50.
Bordeux, Jeanne. Eleonora Duse. Doran. $6.
Bradford, Gamaliel. Wives. Harper. $3.50.
Buck, Mitchell S. The Life of Casanova. Frank-Maurice. $2.
Bullard, Robert Lee. Personalities and Reminiscences of the War. Doubleday, Page. $5.
Coit, C. W. Charles the First. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
Cole, G. D. H. Robert Owen. Little, Brown. $4.
Daudet, Leon. The Memoirs of. Edited and Translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs. Dial Press. $5.
Dickson, Harris. An Old-Fashioned Senator. Stokes. $2.
Errazuriz, Pedro Subercaseaux. Saint Francois D'Assise. Marshall Jones. $25.
Ervine, St. John. Parnell. Little, Brown. $4.
Finger, Charles J. Romantic Rascals. McBride. $3.
Fitzpatrick, John C. The Diaries of George Washington. Houghton Mifflin. 4 vols. $25.
Geer, Walter. Napoleon and Marie Louise. Brentano's. $5.
Grey of Fallodon, Viscount. Twenty-Five Years. Stokes. 2 vols. $10.
Harte, Bret. Letters of. Ed. by Geoffrey Bret Harte. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Hellman, George S. The True Stevenson. Little, Brown. $6.50.
Herzen, Alexander. My Past and Thoughts. v. IV and V. Knopf. ea. $2.
Hirst, Francis W. The Life and Letters of Thomas Jefferson. Macmillan.
Howe, Frederic C. Confessions of a Reformer. Scribner's. $3.50.
Lawton, Mary. A Lifetime with Mark Twain. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Lochner, Louis P. Henry Ford, America's Don Quixote. International Publishers. $3.
Lucas-Dubreton, J. Samuel Pepys, a Portrait in Miniature. Putnam. $2.50.
Marquand, J. P. Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Mass. Minton, Balch. $3.50.
Melville, Lewis. Beau Brummel. Doran. $7.50.
Melville, Lewis. Life and Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Mother Jones. The Autobiography Of. Charles H. Kerr.
Murdock, Kenneth Ballard. Increase Mather. Harvard University. $6.
Paine, Albert Bigelow. Joan of Arc—Maid of France. Macmillan. 2 vols. $10.
Powys, Llewelyn. Skin for Skin. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Prescott, William Hickling. His Life and Writings Shown in His Correspondence, 1833-1847. Edited by Roger Wolcott. Houghton Mifflin. $6.
Queen Victoria. The Letters Of. 1862-1878. Edited by George Earle Buckle. Longmans, Green.
Raleigh, Lady, Ed. The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh. Macmillan. 2 vols.
Russell, John. The Later Correspondence of, 1840-1878. Edited by G. P. Gooch. Longmans, Green. 2 vols. $10.
Scudder, Janet. Modeling My Life. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
Seitz, Don C. Uncommon Americans. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.
Smith, Theodore C. Life and Letters of James A. Garfield. Yale. 2 vols. $12.
Starr, Harris E. William Graham Sumner. Holt. $4.
Tarbell, Ida M. The Life of Elbert H. Gary. Appleton. $3.50.
Wandell, Samuel H. and Minnigerode, Meade. Aaron Burr. 2 vols. $10.
White, William Allen. Calvin Coolidge: The Man Who is President. Macmillan. $3.50.
Wilstach, Paul Ed. Correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. 1812-1826. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

DRAMA

Carter, Huntly. The New Theatre and Cinema of Soviet Russia. International Publishers. $6.
Cheney, Sheldon. The Art Theatre. Knopf. $3.
Ervine, St. John G. Anthony and Anna. Macmillan.
Flecker, James Elroy. Don Juan. Knopf. $2.
Galsworthy, John. The Show. Scribner's. $1.
Malevinsky, M. L. The Science of Playwriting. Brentano's. $5.
Masefield, John. The Trial of Jesus. Macmillan. $1.75.
Moses, Montrose J. Representative Plays. v. II. Dutton. $8.
Nathan, George Jean. The Autobiography of an Attitude. Knopf. $2.50.
Sayler, Oliver M. Inside the Moscow Art Theatre. Brentano's. $3.
Zucker, A. E. The Chinese Theater. Little, Brown. $7.50.

ECONOMICS, INDUSTRY, POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY

Abbott, Edith. Historical Aspects of the Immigration Problem. University of Chicago. $4.50.
American Statistical Association Meeting. Population. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
Barnes, Harry Elmer. History and Social Intelligence. Knopf. $4.
Beer, M. Social Struggles and Thought. Small, Maynard. $2.
Blum, Solomon. Labor Economics. Holt. $4.
Buell, Raymond Leslie. International Relations. Holt. $5.
Burian, Stephan Count. Austria in Dissolution. Doran. $6.
Bywater, Hector C. The Great Pacific War: A History of the American-Japanese Campaign of 1931-32. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
Campbell, C. G. Common Wealth: A Study in Social Philosophy. Century. $3.
Carpenter, William S. Democracy and Representation. Princeton University.
Carver, Thomas Nixon. The Present Economic Revolution in the United States. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Chase, Stuart. Work and Waste. Macmillan. $2.50.
Commons, John R.; Draper, Ernest G.; Lewisohn, Sam A., and Lescohier, Don D. Can Business Prevent Unemployment? Knopf. $2.
Dunn, Robert W. American Foreign Investments. Viking Press. $5.
Fachiri, Alexander P. The Permanent Court of International Justice. Oxford University. $5.
Feldman, H. The Regularization of Employment. Harper. $3.50.
Fisher, H. A. L. Then and Now. Oxford University. $1.75.
Gentleman With a Duster, A. The State of England. Putnam. $1.75.
Goodrich, Carter. The Miner's Freedom. Marshall Jones. $2.
Graham, Stephen. The Dividing Line of Europe. Appleton. $2.
Greer, Guy. The Ruhr-Lorraine Industrial Problem. Macmillan. $2.
Harding, W. P. G. The Formative Period of the Federal Reserve System. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hughes, Charles E. The Pathway of Peace: Representative Addresses, 1920-24. Harper. $4.
Judson, Harry Pratt. Our Federal Republic. Macmillan. $3.
Kautsky, Karl. The Labour Revolution. Dial Press. $2.50.
Langdon-Davies, John. The New Age of Faith. Viking Press. $2.50.
Lippmann, Walter. The Phantom Public: A Restatement of the Theory of Popular Government. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Lodge, Henry Cabot. The Senate and the League of Nations. Scribner's. $4.
Mitchell, William. Winged Defense. Putnam. $2.50.
Moulton, Harold G. and Lewis Cleona. The Financial Problem of France. Macmillan. $2.50.
Munro, William Bennett. The Invisible Government of the United States. Macmillan.
Nearing, Scott and Freeman, Joseph. Dollar Diplomacy. Viking Press. $2.50.
Pearl, Raymond. The Biology of Population Growth. Knopf. $3.
Rockow, Lewis. Contemporary Political Thought in England. Macmillan.
Saposs, David J. Left Wing Unionism. International Publishers. $1.50.
Spender, J. A. The Public Life. Stokes. 2 vols. $7.50.
Speranza, Gino. Race or Nation. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.
Stocking, George Ward. The Oil Industry and the Competitive System: A Study in Waste. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.
Stoddard, Lothrop. Social Classes in Post-War Europe. Scribner's. $2.
Toynbee, Arnold J. Survey of International Affairs 1920-1923. Oxford University. $9.
Trotsky, Leon. Whither England? International Publishers. $1.75.
Von Klarwill, Victor. The Fugger News Letters, Second Series. Putnam. $6.
Warren, Charles. Congress, the Constitution and the Supreme Court. Little, Brown. $3.
Willoughby, W. W. Opium as An International Problem: The Geneva Conferences. Johns Hopkins Press. $4.50.

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, LITERARY HISTORY

Bahr, Hermann. Expressionism. A. and C. Boni. $5.
Bell, Aubrey F. G. Contemporary Spanish Literature. Knopf. $3.
Benchley, Robert. The Cult of Assininity. Holt. $2.
Bennett, Mrs. Arnold. Arnold Bennett. Adelphi Company. $2.
Blanchard, Frederick T. The Great Fielding. Yale. $6.
Boyd, Ernest. H. L. Mencken. McBride. $1.
Braybrooke, Patrick. Considerations on Edmund Gosse. Lippincott. $2.50.
Capek, Karel. Letters from England. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Carpenter, Edward and Barnefield, George. Psychology of the Poet Shelley. Dutton. $2.
Chevalley, Abel. The Modern English Novel. Knopf. $2.50.
Collins, Joseph. The Doctor Looks at Biography. Doran. $3.
Collis, J. S. Shaw. Knopf. $2.
Crevecoeur, St. John de. Sketches of Eighteenth Century America. Ed. by S. T. Williams and others. Yale. $3.
Douglas, Norman. Experiments. McBride. $2.50.
Gerould, Katharine Fullerton. The Aristocratic West. Harper. $3.50.
Goldberg, Isaac. The Man Mencken. Simon and Schuster. $4.
Gosse, Edmund. Silhouettes. Scribner's. $3.
Gould, Gerald. The English Novel of To-day. Dial Press. $2.
Harden, Maximilian. I Meet My Contemporaries. Holt. $4.
Huxley, Aldous. Along the Road. Doran. $2.
Jones, Llewellyn. First Impressions. Knopf. $2.50.
Kellner, Leon. Restoring Shakespeare. Knopf. $3.
Le Gallienne, Richard. The Romantic '90's. Doubleday, Page. $2.50.
MacDonald, J. Ramsay. Wanderings and Excursions. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.
Massingham, H. W. "H. W. M.": A Selection from His Writings. Harcourt, Bcare. $5.
Murry, Middleton. Pencillings. Seltzer. $3.
Nevinson, H. W. More Changes, More Chances. Harcourt, Brace. $4.
Priestly, J. B. English Comic Characters. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
Redman, Ben Ray. Edwin Arlington Robinson. McBride. $1.
Rusk, Ralph L. The Literature of the Middle West. Columbia University. 2 vols. $7.50.
Saurat, Denis. The Three Conventions. Dial Press. $2.
Sherman, Stuart P., Ed. Letters to a Lady in the Country. Scribner's. $2.
Sitwell, Osbert. Discursions. Doran. $6.
Smith, Logan Pearsall. Words and Idioms. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Tandy, Jennette. Crackerbox Philosophers in American Humor and Satire. Columbia University. $2.50.
Tolman, Albert H. Falstaff and Other Shakespearean Topics. Macmillan. $2.50.
Van Doren, Carl and Mark. American and British Literature Since 1890. Century. $2.50.
Villard, Oswald Garrison. Prophets True and False. Seltzer. $2.50.
Waldman, Milton. Americana. Holt. $5.
Weigand, Herman J. The Modern Ibsen. Holt. $3.75.
Wharton, Edith. The Writing of Fiction. Scribner's. $2.

FICTION

Allen, James Lane. The Landmark. Macmillan. $2.50.
Andreyev, Leonid. Sashka Jigouleff. McBride. $2.50.
Armstrong, Martin. At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses. Harper. $2.
Asch, Nathan. The Office. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Barbusse, Henri. Chains. International Publishers. 2 vols. $4.
Barrington, E. Glorious Apollo. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
Belloc, Hilaire. Mr. Petre. McBride. $2.50.
Benoit, Pierre. Jacob's Well. International Publishers. $2.
Beresford, J. D. The Monkey Puzzle. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.
Bojer, Johan. The Emigrants. Century. $2.
Boyd, Thomas. Samuel Drummond. Scribner's. $2.
Brackett, Charles. Week-End. McBride. $1.50.
Bromfield, Louis. Possession. Stokes. $2.
Capek, Karel. Krakatit. Macmillan. $2.50.
Cather, Willa. The Professor's House. Knopf. $2.
Cline, Leonard. God Head. Viking Press. $2.
Cocteau, Jean. The Grand Ecart. Putnam. $2.
Conrad, Joseph. Suspense: A Napoleonic Novel. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Coppard, A. E. Fishmonger's Fiddle. Knopf. $2.50.
de Gourmont, Rémy. A Virgin Heart. Tr. by Aldous Huxley. Adelphi Company. $2.50.
Dell, Floyd. Runaway. Doran. $2.
De Queiroz, Eça. The Relic. Knopf. $2.50.
Erskine, John. The Private Life of Helen of Troy. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
Fifteen Authors. Georgian Stories, 1925. Putnam. $2.50.
Fitzgerald, F. Scott. All the Sad Young Men. Scribner's. $2.
Frederick, John T. Green Bush. Knopf. $2.50.
Galsworthy, John. Caravan. Scribner's. $2.50.
Garnett, David. The Sailor's Return. Knopf. $1.75.
Gide, André. The Vatican Swindle. Knopf. $2.50.
Gorky, Maxim. The Story of a Novel and Other Stories. Dial Press. $2.50.
Graves, Robert. My Head! My Head! Knopf. $2.
Hamsun, Knut. Benoni. Knopf. $2.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hauptmann, Gerhart. The Island of the Great Mother. Viking Press. $2.50.
Herrick, Robert. Wanderings. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Heyward, Dubose. Porgy. Doran. $2.
Hull, Helen. The Surry Family. Macmillan. $2.
Hunt, Frazier. Sycamore Bend. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Hutchinson, A. S. M. One Increasing Purpose. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Jameson, Storm. Three Kingdoms. Knopf. $2.50.
Kennedy, Margaret. The Ladies of Lyndon. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Kuprin, Alexandre. Gambrinus: And Other Stories. Adelphi Company. $2.
Lady Murasaki. The Tale of Genji. Tr. by Arthur Waley. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
Lubbock, Percy. The Region Cloud. Scribner's. $2.50.
Machen, Arthur. The Canning Wonder. Knopf. $3.50.
MacKaye, Percy. Tall Tales from the Kentucky Mountains. Doran. $2.50.
Mackenzie, Compton. Coral. Doran. $2.
McKenna, Stephen. Tales of Intrigue and Revenge. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Merezhkovsky, Dmitri. December the Fourteenth. International Publishers. $2.
Meynell, Esther. The Little Chronicle of Magdalena Bach. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Morand, P. Closed All Night. Seltzer. $2.
Morley, Christopher. Thunder on the Left. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Muilenburg, Walter J. Prairie. Viking Press. $2.50.
Nicholson, Meredith. And They Lived Happily Ever After. Scribner's. $2.
Norris, Kathleen. Little Ships. Doubleday, Page. $2.
O'Flaherty, Liam. The Informer. Knopf. $2.50.
O'Higgins, Harvey. Clara Barron. Harper. $2.
Pirandello, Luigi. The Outcast. Dutton. $2.50.
Poole, Ernest. The Hunter's Moon. Macmillan. $2.
Powys, T. F. Mockery Gap. Knopf. $2.50.
Richardson, Dorothy. The Trap. Knopf. $2.
Rolland, Romain. Summer. Holt. $2.50.
Schnitzler, Arthur. Fräulein Else. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.
Sedgwick, Anne Douglas. A Fountain Sealed. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
Snaith, J. C. Thus Far. Appleton. $2.
Steele, Wilbur Daniel. Taboo. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Strachey, J. St. Loe. The Madonna of the Barricades. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Suckow, Ruth. The Odyssey of a Nice Girl. Knopf. $2.50.
Swinnerton, Frank. The Elder Sister. Doran. $2.
Tarkington, Booth. Women. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Transatlantic Stories. With an Introduction by Ford Madox Ford. Dial Press. $2.50.
Tully, Jim. Glass Houses. A. and C. Boni. $2.
Van Doren, Carl. Other Provinces. Knopf. $2.50.
Van Vechten, Carl. Firecrackers. Knopf. $2.50.
Walpole, Hugh. Portrait of a Man With Red Hair. Doran. $2.
Ward, Christopher. Foolish Fiction. Holt. $2.
Wassermann, Jacob. Faber, or The Lost Years. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Waugh, Alec. Kept. A. and C. Boni. $2.
Wells. H. G. Christina Alberta's Father. Macmillan. $2.50.
Werfel, Franz. Verdi, A Novel of the Opera. Simon and Schuster. $3.
Whitman, Walt. The Half-Breed and Other Stories. Edited by Thomas O. Mabbott. Columbia University.
Wood, Clement. Folly. Small, Maynard. $2.
Wylie, Elinor. The Venetian Glass Nephew. Doran. $2.50.
Yezierska, Anzia. Bread Givers. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Young, Francis Brett. Cold Harbour. Knopf. $2.50.
"Zélide." Four Tales by. Scribner's. $3.75.

FINE ARTS

Alastair. Fifty Drawings. With a Note of Introduction by Carl Van Vechten. Knopf. $15.
Beardsley, Aubrey. Uncollected Works of. Dodd, Mead. $12.50.
Bewick, Thomas. The Memoir of. 1822-1828. Dial Press. $4.
Blake, Vernon. Relation in Art. Oxford University. $6.
Brackett, Oliver. Thomas Chippendale: A Study of His Life, Work and Influence. Houghton Mifflin. $15.
Cortissoz, Royal. Personalities in Art. Scribner's. $3.
Covarrubias, Miguel. The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans. Knopf. $3.
Downes, William Howe. John S. Sargent. Little, Brown. $8.
Gardner, Helen. A History of Art. Harcourt, Brace. $4.
Hall, Gertrude. The Wagnerian Romances. Knopf. $2.75.
Hassam, Childe. The Etchings and Dry-Points Of. Scribner's. $17.50.
Laver, James. Portraits in Oil and Vinegar. Dial Press. $3.50.
Pennell, Joseph. The Adventures of an Illustrator. Little, Brown. $12.50.
Phillips, Claude. Emotion in Art. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.
Place, Charles A. Charles Bulfinch, Architect and Citizen. Houghton Mifflin. $15.
Vollard, Ambroise. Paul Cézanne: His Life and Art. Frank-Maurice. $3.
Vollard, Ambroise. Rénoir: An Intimate Record. Knopf. $3.50.
Warde, Frederique. Bruce Rogers: Designer of Books. Harvard University. $10.
Weitenkampf, Frank. Famous Prints. Scribner's. $25.

HISTORY

Ashley, Percy. Europe from Waterloo to Sarajevo. Knopf. $3.50.
Bader, C. Women in Ancient India. Knopf.
Bainville, Jacques. History of France. Appleton. $3.50.
Beer, Thomas. The Mauve Decade. Knopf. $2.50.
Belloc, Hilaire. A History of England. Putnam. v. I., B. C. 55 to A. D. 1066. $3.75.
Bowers, Claude G. Jefferson and Hamilton: The Struggle for Democracy in America. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Brooks, Sidney. America and Germany, 1918-1925. Macmillan.
Carter, Thomas F. The Invention of Printing in China and Its Spread Westward. Columbia University. $7.50.
Childe, V. Gordon. The Dawn of European Civilization. Knopf. $6.
Davis, Oscar King. Released for Publication. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Delaporte, L. Mesopotamia: The Babylonian and Assyrian Civilization. Knopf. $5.
Dodwell, Henry. A Sketch of the History of India from 1858 to 1918. Longmans, Green. $2.25.
Emerton, Ephraim. Humanism and Tyranny: Studies in the Italian Trecento. Harvard University. $4.
Evans, Joan. Life in Mediaeval France. Oxford University. $5.25.
Glotz, Gustave. The Aegean Civilization. Knopf. $6.
Gooch, G. P. Germany. Scribner's. $3.
Green, Fitzhugh. Our Naval Heritage. Century. $4.
Gwynn, Stephen. Ireland. Scribner's. $3.
Hardy, G. Gathorne. Norway. Scribner's. $3.
Kenton, Edna, Ed. The Jesuit Relations. A. and C. Boni. $5.
Lawrence, D. H. Movements in European History. Oxford University. $3.50.
Merriman, Roger Bigelow. The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and in the New. Macmillan. v. 3. $5.50.
Moffit, L. W. England on the Eve of the Industrial Revolution. International Publishers. $3.50.
Mowat, R. B. The Diplomatic Relations of Great Britain and the United States. Longmans, Green. $5.50.
O'Connor, James. A History of Ireland. Doran. 2 vols. $12.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

O'Hara, Valentine, and Makeef, N. Russia. Scribner's. $3.
Owsley, Frank L. State Rights in the Confederacy. University of Chicago. $2.50.
Parkes, Joan. Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century. Oxford University. $7.
Pendrill, Charles. London Life in the Fourteenth Century. Adelphi Company. $5.
Phillips, Walter Alison. The Revolution in Ireland. Longmans, Green. $5.
Platonov, S. A History of Russia. Macmillan. $5.
Pollard, A. F. Factors in American History. Macmillan. $2.50.
Schechter, Frank I. The Historical Foundations of the Law Relating to Trade-Marks. Columbia University.
Spengler, Oswald. The Decline of Western Civilization. Knopf. $7.50.
Sullivan, Mark. A History of the United States in Our Own Time: 1900-1925. Scribner's. v. I. $5.
Temperley, H. W. V. The Foreign Policy of Canning. Harcourt, Brace. $7.50.
Von Hoffman, General. The War of Lost Opportunities. International Publishers. $3.50.
Webster, C. K. The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh, 1815-1822. Harcourt, Brace. $7.50.
Weigall, Arthur. History of the Pharaohs. Dutton. v. I.

PHILOSOPHY, PSYCHOLOGY, RELIGION, ANTHROPOLOGY, EDUCATION

Ananikian, Mardiros, and Werner, Alice. Armenian-African Mythology. Marshall Jones. $8.
Bukharin. Nikolai. Historical Materialism. International Publishers. $3.25.
Collins, Mary. Colour Blindness. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.
De Lima, Agnes. Our Enemy the Child. Republic. $1.
Fite, Warner. Moral Philosophy. Dial Press. $3.50.
Frazer, James George. The Worship of Nature. Macmillan.
Hirsch, Emil G. My Religion. Macmillan. $5.
Joad, C. E. M. Mind and Matter. Putnam.
Kautsky, Karl. Foundations of Christianity. International Publishers. $4.
Kretschmer, E. Physique and Character. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
Lipsky, Abram. Man the Puppet. Frank-Maurice. $2.50.
Locke, Alain. The New Negro. A. and C. Boni. $5.
Ludovici, Anthony. Lysistrata. Dutton. $1.
MacCurdy, John T. The Psychology of Emotion: Morbid and Normal. Harcourt, Brace. $7.50.
Margolin, Arnold. Jews of Eastern Europe. Seltzer. $2.50.
Mencken, H. L. Americana—1925. Knopf. $2.50.
Montague, William Pepperell. The Ways of Knowing, or the Methods of Philosophy. Macmillan.
More, Henry. Philosophical Writings of. Oxford University. $3.50.
Nearing, Scott. Educational Frontiers. Seltzer. $1.50.
Newman, Louis I. Jewish Influence on Christian Reform Movements. Columbia University. $5.
Nilsson, Martin P. A History of Greek Religion. Oxford University. $4.25.
Peers, E. Alison. Spanish Mysticism. Dutton. $5.
Roback, A. A., Ed. Problems of Personality: A Volume of Essays in Honour of Morton Prince. Harcourt, Brace. $6.
Russell, Dora. Hypatia. Dutton. $1.
Santayana, George. Dialogues in Limbo. Scribner's. $3.50.
Simar, Theophile. The Race Myth. Seltzer. $4.
Stokes, H. F. Scott. Perseus, or of Dragons. Dutton. $1.
Sturt, Mary. The Psychology of Time. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

POETRY

American Poetry, 1925. A Miscellany. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Anderson, Maxwell. You Who Have Dreams. Simon and Schuster. $2.
Barnes, Nellie, Ed. Indian Love Lyrics. Macmillan.
Benét, Stephen Vincent. Tiger Joy. Doran. $1.75.
Bynner, Witter. Caravan. Knopf. $1.50.
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram. Dew and Bronze. Seltzer. $1.50.
Cook, George Cram. Greek Coins: A Book of Verse. Doran.
Crane, Nathalia. Lava Lane. Seltzer. $1.50.
Cullen, Countee. Color. Harper. $2.
Deutsch, Babette. Honey Out of the Rock. Appleton. $1.50.
Divine, Charles. Road to Town. Seltzer. $2.
Edman, Irwin. Poems by. Simon and Schuster. $2.
Ellis, Havelock. Sonnets With Folk Songs from the Spanish. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
Field, Michael. Selected Poems. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.
Gibson, Wilfrid. I Heard a Sailor. Macmillan. $2.
Johnson, James Weldon, Ed. The Book of American Negro Spirituals. Viking Press. $3.50.
Kennedy, R. Emmet. Mellows: Negro Work Songs, Street Cries and Spirituals. A. and C. Boni. $7.50.
Kilmer, Aline. The Poor King's Daughter. Doran. $1.25.
Leonard, William Ellery. Two Lives. Viking Press. $2.
Lowell, Amy. What's O'Clock. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.
Masters, Edgar Lee. Selected Poems. Macmillan. $2.50.
Miller, Marion Mills. The Songs of Sappho. Frank-Maurice. $20.
Neihardt, John G. The Song of the Indian Wars. Macmillan. $2.25.
Sapir, Edward, and Barbeau, Marius. Folk Songs of French Canada. Yale. $4.
Sarett, Lew. Slow Smoke. Holt. $2.
Scarborough, Dorothy. On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs. Harvard University. $3.50.
Sitwell, Edith. Troy Park. Knopf. $1.75.
Sitwell, Osbert. Out of the Flame. Doran. $2.
Sitwell, Sacheverell. The Thirteenth Caesar. Doran. $2.
Stephens, James. Collected Poems. Macmillan. $3.50.
Weaver, John V. A. More in American. Knopf. $1.50.
Yeats, William Butler. Early Poems and Stories. Macmillan. $2.50.

SCIENCE

Burtt, Edwin Arthur. The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
Lodge, Oliver. Ether and Reality. Doran. $2.
Low, A. M. The Future. International Publishers. $2.
Morgan, Thomas Hunt. Evolution and Genetics. Princeton.
Nordmann, Charles. The Tyranny of Time. International Publishers. $3.25.
Russell, Bertrand. The A. B. C. of Relativity. Harper. $2.
Slosson, Edwin E. Sermons of a Chemist. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Thompson, J. Arthur, and Geddes, Patrick. Biology. Holt. $1.
Voronoff, Serge. Rejuvenation by Grafting. Adelphi Company. $6.
Wolf, A. Essentials of Scientific Method. Macmillan.
Yerkes, Robert M. Almost Human. Century. $3.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, NATURE, DESCRIPTION

Amundsen, R. By Air to the Arctic. Dodd, Mead.
Ayscough, Florence. A Chinese Mirror. Houghton, Mifflin. $5.
Beebe, William. Jungle Days. Putnam. $3.
Belloc, Hilaire. The Road. Harper. $3.
Bercovici, Konrad. On New Shores. Century. $4.
Colum, Padraic. The Road Round Ireland. Macmillan. $3.
Franck, Harry A. Roving Through Southern China. Century. $5.
Huntington, Ellsworth. West of the Pacific. Scribner's. $5.
Hurley, Frank. Argonauts of the South. Putnam. $5.
Norton, E. F. The Fight for Everest. Longmans, Green. $7.50.
McFee, William. Sunlight in New Granada. Doubleday, Page. $3.50.
Smith, Lowell H., and Others. The First World Flight. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

White Terror in Liberal Chile

By ARNOLD ROLLER

[*The New York* Times *for October 2 reports that President Alessandri of Chile has once more resigned, following a dispute with Colonel Ibanez, Minister of War, in which the latter refused to resign when requested to do so by the President. Colonel Ibanez was the leader of the group which recalled Alessandri to the presidency in January, 1925. A presidential election, in which the leading candidate is Senor Emiliano Larrain, will be held on October 24.*]

IF any further proof were needed of the apathy with which people in these United States regard affairs in South America, it might be found in the almost unanimous indifference toward recent events in Chile. Two miltary coups d'etat within five months, involving the eclipse of the patrician class until then in the ascendancy, the exile and triumphal return of a president, and the promulgation of a new body of laws and civil guaranties—these were only the beginning. There followed what has been catalogued by the press as a "Bolshevik revolt," embellished with seizures of factories, red and white flags, and a fabled leader wearing a "Russian uniform." The revolt reduced to prose turns out to have been only a strike in the nitrate fields, undertaken rashly under the aegis of the brand-new laws and liberties. But its suppression was genuine enough.

In the elections four years ago the middle-class elements in Chile, with the support of the workers, wrested the presidency for the first time in Chilean history from the clerical conservative patrician families. This aristocratic bloc had considered officialdom as its private domain, necessary to the maintenance of its special privileges. Arturo Alessandri came into power on a tide of grandiose promises. He did nothing. Obstructionist tactics, he explained, were responsible for his inactivity. But the reactionaries were restive under the new regime notwithstanding that its accomplishments were negligible. The mass of Chileans lost interest in the great change. A carefully planned *coup* by army and navy officers thus succeeded easily in recapturing power for the old reactionaries in September of last year. Alessandri was handled politely but given to understand that he ought to "see the world."

The hasty dismissal of middle-class job-holders in the Government and the repression of labor, however, quickly crystallized an opposition. The younger elements in the army, drawn from the rising bourgeoisie, the young intellectuals, the anti-clerical Masons joined forces, and in January overthrew the dictatorship. A civil war seemed imminent. But the working-class elements, which had watched the changes with apparent indifference, now stepped in. The Chilean Federation of Labor, the Communist Party, and others came out in support of the latest regime. The reactionaries, apparently persuaded by this gesture that they were quite alone, abandoned the struggle. The liberal government promised large reforms to the working class in appreciation for its support at a critical moment. The Chilean middle class had thus taken control, and the ancient rule of the landed aristocracy seemed definitely ended. Remembering how the masses had permitted the first Alessandri government to be ousted, the new government lost no time in trying to convince the people of the sincerity of its promises. A vast number of social and labor reforms were decreed into existence. Some of them were modeled on the labor laws of Soviet Russia, others on the labor legislation of Mexico. The right to organize, to strike, to enjoy complete civil liberty was declared and guaranteed.

All liberal and radical elements, including the Communists, formed a "united social republican front." Alessandri was summoned home and was received like a *conquistador*. However, he had spent a large portion of his exile in Italy, where he seemed to have fallen under the influence of Mussolini. When the question of a new constitution arose he insisted on a "presidential" system similar to that in the United States as against the "parliamentary" system of France and England. He would not, as promised, call a constituent assembly. Instead, he offered a hand-made constitution for ratification as a whole by popular vote.

It was soon after the return of the President and the announcement of the new labor and social reforms that disquieting news began to come from the nitrate fields, the northern provinces of Tarapaca and Antofagasta. There were hints of revolt, factory occupations, soviets. A dispatch through Lima seemed detailed enough: "The Coruna plant was one of the first occupied by the Reds. A soviet was established. . . . The Reds' leader, a man named Garrido, who was later killed, wore a uniform resembling a Russian costume, with a white hat and a red sash." And so on. But no labor papers crossed the border. They had, in fact, been suppressed. Not until later was it possible to reconstruct the tragedy.

The nitrate plants are all in the desert. The workers live in special camps erected by the company, which supplies them with food and water. The camps are policed by private guards, drawing their salaries from the company. The complexion of the local governments, the police, and the judiciary in these districts is similar to that of North American company towns.

When the news of Alessandri's reforms penetrated, the workers tried to organize. They asked for more sanitary dwellings and more decent wages. But the petty local tyrants took no cognizance of the legislation in the capital. As a matter of long-established routine they proceeded to break up meetings and drive out union organizers. Those who were suspected of sympathy with union ideas were summarily dismissed—twenty workers in one plant, thirty in another. Gendarmes invaded the homes of active unionists, and did not spare the women and children in clubbing the household into submission. Early in June this situation resulted in a strike in one plant. The others quickly took it up. The authorities immediately prohibited the publication of the three Communist dailies and the one anarcho-syndicalist weekly in the northern provinces. The printing plant and offices of the Communist daily *El Despertar* in Iquique were completely wrecked. Company guards led by a plant manager raided the office of the Chilean Federation of Labor in Coruna. In the latter place the workers defended their building and in the struggle two of the guards were killed, several of the workers were wounded. At this point the local authorities acting under orders from the plant management wired to Santiago

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the workers had armed themselves, taken possession of the plants, and established "soviets." The occupation of the plants was probably a euphemism for the "strike on the job" declared in one of the plants. The Alessandri regime at once declared a state of siege, and a warship was sent from Valparaiso. Artillery and machine-guns were landed. In two days the revolt was officially reported "crushed." The victorious general reported to Alessandri that he "had to use artillery and bombard the encampment of the workers, because they had destroyed houses and factories; and when, after the first bombardment the workers raised the white flag and the troops approached, then the workers again defiantly raised the red flag, whereupon the artillery had to recommence the bombardment from close distance." He reported with pride that the leader in the Russian uniform was killed. The workers fled, he continued, carrying many of the wounded with them, but fifty-nine dead were found on the field of battle and many wounded, of whom several soon died. The local press in the Peruvian papers reported 400 to 500 killed. And the victory was cheap, not a single soldier was killed or wounded. A commission, appointed by the trade unions in the capital, sent to the spot a few weeks later, reported 2,000 dead, mostly women and children.

From the general's report, as well as conservative press reports, it appears that the bombardment was directed against the camps, and not against the plants. It is specifically stated that not one plant was damaged in the bombardment. The "occupation" of the plants was therefore on the face of it a piece of fiction useful in declaring a state of siege.

The liberal President officially congratulated the general on his expeditious work, explaining that he "regrets that perverse and misguided elements, crazed by hate and will to destruction, poison the healthy soul of the people with impossible utopias. . . ." The liberal Minister of War cabled the heroic general: "I regret the misfortune of so many citizens, because no doubt a great number of them were innocent . . ." but . . . "I hope you will continue in your salutary work by applying the extreme punishment to those responsible for the revolt."

On the strength of the revolt in the northern provinces, stringent action has been taken against all suspected radicals everywhere. Already a most timely bomb has exploded in a southern mine, although no one was hurt. Warnings against the "red terror" are being sounded by the reactionary press, giving justification for wholesale arrests and deportations.

The foreign owners of the nitrate plants, it may be presumed, have watched this situation very closely. At any rate President Alessandri gave, at the time of the "revolt," an interview to the United Press about Chile's need for foreign capital. He explained that the labor laws were no obstacle. They were really intended to prevent conflicts between capital and labor, "but if they should prove detrimental in some way to the natural development of industry, the Government will have to find immediately the necessary remedies."

And the central committee of the right-wing moderate liberal Radical Party declared candidly in a public statement that the "extreme measures applied in the nitrate fields must be ascribed not so much "to the necessity of repressing a subversive element as to the necessity of submitting to the requirements of foreign capitalists."

The Tacna-Arica Plebiscite

By AMY WOODS

[Recent telegraphic dispatches have reported the withdrawal of the Peruvian Boundary Delegation from the Commission headed by General Pershing to settle the Tacna-Arica frontier dispute. The Peruvian delegation allege attacks on their members and other extreme measures used by Chileans to intimidate Peru and influence the result of the coming plebiscite, and demand guaranties from Chile that the plebiscite will be carried on without any attempt to coerce or prejudice voters.]

"WAR Clouds are Gathering between Chile and Peru" according to the widespread advertisement of the *Literary Digest* of September 12. How many of us in the United States know any of the facts which form the basis of such rumors and the significance to every citizen of the United States if such a war comes about?

A small item in an inconspicuous corner of a large daily paper states that a certain person was killed in Arica, the center of the plebiscite region, *and it is thought that it may be the work of a Peruvian sympathizer* (italics are mine) but little or nothing of the real situation in the Tacna-Arica plebiscite area has seeped through to the American public.

A young Englishman in charge of large manufacturing interests in Peru writes from Callao, the post of Lima:

> They are now straining every nerve to raise funds for the plebiscite over Tacna and Arica. Many of the wealthy citizens have given huge sums of money; one alone the other day gave $12,000. The Government has to pay for transporting the people to Arica and back in order to vote, so it will be a very costly undertaking. Nobody seems to care to venture an opinion as to how things will go, but if it does go against Peru there will be a noise and plenty of fun here.

Something of what is happening in the provinces of Tacna and Arica can be gathered from the cable which Sarah Wambaugh sent to her father, long a member of the Harvard law school. Miss Wambaugh, author of a "Monograph on Plebiscites," has been retained as an expert adviser by the Peruvian Government and is now in Arica as a member of the Peruvian delegation. On August 7 Miss Wambaugh and Miss Maggie Conroy of Lima, who is acting as her interpreter, landed in Arica and while walking through the town were followed constantly by police. Upon their return to the official Peruvian ship two women of Arica with whom they had talked were arrested by the Chilean police on the charge of having conversed too freely with the Peruvian delegates. Miss Wambaugh attempted to send the following cable to her father asking him to make it public:

> Tell newspapers spies follow us everywhere. Peruvian inhabitants terrorized dare not speak to us. Two women jailed for speaking. Military control absolute. Chilean governor today decrees no inhabitant can go from town to country or contrariwise without special police permit which must be shown at every picket post, and they can travel only by designated roads controlled by carabineers. If Chilean troops not evacuated, Arica will be grave of Monroe Doctrine. Note Chilean censor refuses to pass this so am relaying via Lima.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1925.

State of New York, } ss.:
County of New York. }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Editor—Oswald Garrison Villard. 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Business Managers—None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a coporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Katherine S. Dreier, Central Park West, New York City.

Agnes Brown Leach, 160 East 64th Street, New York City.

Ellen McMurtrie, 1104 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mary McMurtrie, 1104 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Maria C. Scattergood, 355 Bourse Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

R. L. Selene, 334 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Fanny Garrison Villard, 525 Park Avenue, New York City.

Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

Edward S. Waters, 52 William Street, New York City.

Maurice Wertheim, 44 Pine Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ———. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1925.

[Seal] MARY E. O'BRIEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

Wisdom Is Not So Rare

One of the satisfactions of life is to look back upon something done in the past, some bit of foresight, which now is a source of comfort. Perhaps it was a single provision against the future which has provided where all else failed.

That there is, whatever doubting philosophers may think about it, a good deal of forward-looking in all walks of life, is indicated by the records of this company, which show 28,000,000 Prudential life insurance policies in force.

If true wisdom be in foreseeing, wisdom is *not* rare. The millions who are Prudential policyholders have it.

THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President

Home Office
NEWARK
NEW JERSEY

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The All American Cable Company an hour later returned the message by the Chilean censor stating that it was impossible to transmit the message because of its contents. It later reached the United States by wireless from a Peruvian steamer to an inland Peruvian city and thence to Lima. The Peruvian Ministry of Foreign Affairs considered this message as personal and unofficial and admitted that it was beyond its power to give any facilities or assurance to independent investigators who might wish to enter the province of Arica to survey conditions. The Peruvian delegation forwarded a memorandum to General Pershing, chairman of the Plebiscite Commission, that they would bring up the question of Chilean police action against the free movement of citizens in the province.

A letter from a leading woman in Lima says:

> This cable and the article in the *West Coast Leader* upon it are the best possible criticisms of the Coolidge award as a practical and fair settlement of our problem. I hope that appeal has had in your country the publicity it deserves, but the indifference shown the Tacna-Arica question up to the present by the press of the United States, and its thorough lack of realization that the future of Uncle Sam's relations with Latin America is as much or more at stake there than in the exchange of amenities between Secretary Kellogg and the President of Mexico, makes me doubt it. As far as I can see the situation is getting very difficult in Arica for the Chileans and Americans.

This is probably a near-analysis of the political emergency in Chile as well as Peru, if the United Press covers the whole situation. The following cable was published in a Peruvian paper of August 14:

> *Santiago, Chile, August 14.* This morning President Alessandri of Chile reviewed the Telegraph Battalion and afterward attended a luncheon at which he made a speech as follows: "Though Chile has occupied the provinces of Tacna and Arica for thirty years Peru has continued to utter pained and complaining words imputing to us deeds and crimes we have never committed. Peru is from day to day straining our patience and will oblige us suddenly to give up the peaceful intentions of which we have given proof on many occasions. Perhaps the hostile attitude of Peru may oblige us to adopt a course contrary to the government's way of thinking in order to repress the unusual temperament which Peru has exhibited." Alessandri was noisily applauded on finishing his speech. Rising once more he very solemnly uttered the following: "The President who now speaks to you can assure you that the last revolutionary labor movements in the north zone of the republic are the products of the corrupting influence of Peruvian gold and influence. . . ."

Alessandri has a tremendous internal problem on his hands to reconcile the army, which is the old aristocracy, with the growing strength of the proletariat. He was, undoubtedly, playing for popular support. The Chilean people are not particularly interested in the Tacna-Arica question, except to get it out of the way. When I was in Santiago last spring they quite frankly said so. They knew that whatever decision was rendered by the arbitrator could not affect them economically or nationally. Their interest lay in the great rise of the labor- and middle-class groups which have become self-conscious and were at that time forcing the return of Alessandri, despite the political manipulations of both the army and navy and the families which they represent.

Chilean companies have grown rich upon the nitrate

The Child, *The* Parent and the World They Live In

THE FIRST PARENTS' CONFERENCE on the study and bringing up of children will be held at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, October 26-28.

Among the speakers are: Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, psychologist and author of "The Re-creating of the Individual"; Dorothy Canfield Fisher, lecturer, novelist and student of children; Dr. Miriam Van Waters, whose "Youth in Conflict" has caused such a stir; William T. Russell, teacher of teachers and dean of Teachers' College, New York City; Mrs. Helen T. Woolley, assistant director of the Merrill-Palmer School, Detroit; and Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

For details, write to the Child Study Association of America, Inc., 54 West 74th Street, New York City, under whose auspices it is being held.

Announcement

Chairmen of Entertainment Committees:

BEFORE MAKING FINAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR SOCIAL AFFAIR, DINNER, DANCE, SMOKER, OR SUPPER DANCE, SEE OUR BANQUET AND BALL ROOMS. CHARGES NOT HIGHER THAN ELSEWHERE.

FIFTH AVENUE RESTAURANT
200 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THEODORE KEMM, Managing Owner

GRAMERCY 4900 TO 4907

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the province of Tarapaca, which was wrested from Peru by the War of the Pacific, and they control Bolivia's exports by holding the port of Antofagasta. These interests are not involved in the plebiscite. Arica has value only as the terminus of the railroad covering the shortest distance from the capital of Bolivia, La Paz, to the coast. The rest of the plebiscite area is practically of no commercial significance.

It is not to be wondered at that the citizens of the United States see no connection between their personal or even national interests and the possibility of war between Chile and Peru, over this old entanglement of interests. But every nation of South and Central America and of Europe, too, is watching our foreign policy today. With our President as arbitrator and our commander-in-chief of the armed forces during the World War as chairman of the Plebiscite Commission, every citizen of the United States, in the eyes of other nationals, will be held responsible for the outcome of the Tacna and Arica decision.

Contributors to This Issue

RUSSELL T. HERRICK is telegraph editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD has written two volumes of verse: "For Eager Lovers" and "From a Hawaiian Hilltop," and edited the *Masses* anthology, "May Days."

JAMES RORTY won *The Nation's* poetry prize in 1921.

LOLA RIDGE is the author of "Ghetto" and "Sun-Up."

RAMSAY MACDONALD was the first Labor prime minister of England.

SCOTT NEARING is an economist and teacher, author of "The American Empire."

JAMES DALY is a poet living in Chicago.

WILSON MIDGLEY is American correspondent for the London *Daily News*.

ROBERT DELL is *The Nation's* correspondent in Paris.

ARNOLD ROLLER is associated with the Russian Telegraph Agency in New York.

AMY WOODS has recently returned from South America.

EDWIN MUIR is a critic and essayist. He is writing a series on modern British authors for *The Nation*.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN is the author of "Up Stream." His new book on Palestine appears this fall.

RAYMOND HOLDEN is connected with the Raymond and Whitcomb travel bureau.

J. A. HOBSON is the author of "Gold, Prices, and Wages."

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury* and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

HENRY W. NEVINSON is bringing out a new volume of essays, "New Changes, New Chances."

M. T. MCCLURE is professor of philosophy at Illinois University.

HAROLD J. LASKI, formerly of the Harvard faculty, is on the teaching staff of the London School of Economics.

W. B. CAIRNS is associate professor of American literature at the University of Wisconsin.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER is a writer living in Cape Town.

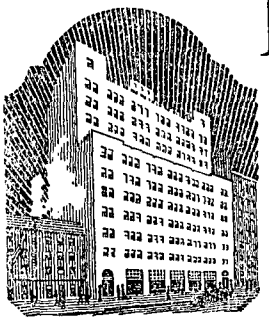
SAMUEL C. CHEW is professor of English at Bryn Mawr.

STUART CHASE is an economist in the Labor Bureau, and the author of a new book, "Work and Waste."

CHARLES J. FINGER has been editor of *Reedy's Mirror* and *All's Well*. He wrote "Highwaymen" and other books.

RICHARD SPECHT is a music critic in Vienna, author of books on Mahler, Strauss, and Korngold.

:: *Where to Buy Books* ::



BRENTANO BUILDING

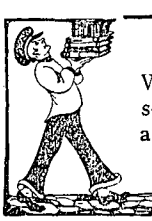
Brentano's

New Store
No. 1 West 47th Street

A cordial invitation extended to inspect our new premises.

Art Books in All Languages
CATALOGUES SENT
Old Maps and Flower Prints
E. WEYHE
794 LEXINGTON AVENUE NEW YORK

BOOKS in Foreign Languages *at reduced prices*
B. WESTERMANN CO., Inc.
13 West 46th Street New York



A Bookshop Brought to You
Wherever you are, we offer intelligent, individualized service. Standing orders a specialty. Books sent anywhere postfree. Write for our fall Book Notes.
THE POST-BOX BOOK SERVICE
25 West 42nd Street, New York

"WE MODERNS"
by **Edwin Muir** with a lengthy introduction by
H. L. Mencken **First Edition**
Published at $2.00, our special price $1.00, postpaid.
"One thing is certain, no utterances more tonic, more bracing, have ever rent the sultry firmament of contemporary literature."—*Freeman.*
Send for our book bargain catalogue No. 7, which lists hundreds of other books.
SEIFFERS, National Book Sellers,
755 Westchester Ave., New York.

W. BEYER, Inc., now in new quarters at 259 Fifth Ave. (28th-29th)
offer from their large and representative stock of **German Books**
the following choice items:

"Goethe," by Friedrich Gundolf, The latest, possibly best biography of Goethe. $5.00

"Der Zauberberg," by Thomas Mann. A novel. 2 vols. $5.40

"Meister der Politik," edited by Erich Marcks (Weltgeschichtliche Bildnisse). 3 vols. $12.00
The art of diplomacy and statecraft reflected in monographs.

Ask for German catalogue.

"Beitraege zu einer Kritik der Sprache," by Fritz Mauthner. 3 vols. $12.00

'Gestaltwandel der Goetter," by Leopold Ziegler. 2 vols. $8.50
Mankind's changing conception of the gods thruout the ages.

"Meyers Lexikon," 7th edition, completely revised and up-to-date. Vols. 1 and 2 so far, $7.50 each. 10 more to follow. Special subscription offer upon request.

Good American, British and French books.

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Offer of the Season

[TWO MONTHLIES AND A WEEKLY!
THE IDEAL MAGAZINE ASSORTMENT]

The New Republic
The Atlantic Monthly
The American Mercury

All three for one year

$10.00

Or either monthly with
The New Republic for $7.50

BUY these magazines over the counter and you spend $18.60. Send back the strip *below* and you save $8.60. The offer is temporary: it will be withdrawn shortly; act promptly.

Subscriptions may start now or at the expiration of current subscriptions. They may be sent to the same or to different addresses. This offer is invalid through agents. It is subject to immediate withdrawal.

The New REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

I enclose $10.00 in acceptance of your offer of one year's subscription to each of the following magazines: The New Republic, The Atlantic Monthly, The American Mercury; or, I enclose $7.50 for one year's subscription to The New Republic and ☐ The Atlantic Monthly or ☐ The American Mercury.

Name .....

Address .....

In full .....

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free Public Library

James Joyce*

By EDWIN MUIR

NO other novelist who has written in English has had a greater mastery than Mr. Joyce of language as an instrument of literary expression, and no one else, probably, has striven so consciously to attain it. "Dubliners" was an ideal apprentice piece for an artist; in it Mr. Joyce set himself to describe accurately the things he saw, attempting at the beginning what most writers achieve toward the end. "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" marked a further stage. That book was as much a recreation of language as a record of experience. The marvelous dialogue which appeared first in it was not like the transcriptions of ordinary talk in "Dubliners"; it was a second language which was used consciously to vary and complete the lingual pattern of the work. That pattern of speech seemed complete in itself, a thing of different nature from, but as real as, the events and experiences, many of them sordid, which it described. There were thus two values in the novel, separate, yet necessary to each other: the value of language and that of life, the value of art and that of experience. To Mr. Joyce the first of these is pure, the second mixed. Art must descend into life, the word must seek out all it can and enter into it; yet, having entered into it, it returns and remains pure in the consciousness of the artist. Life cannot soil it, but only a disobedience of its own laws.

In "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" Mr. Joyce acquired the mastery of language, the knowledge of and reverence for its mysteries, which prepared him for "Ulysses." He learned, too, for the second time, the strict realism which, because it demands perfect exactitude in the rendering, is valuable as a discipline, makes an intensive demand on the artist's powers of expression, and, by putting a strain on them, enhances them. In embracing this realism he discarded the facile sensibility of his time, which was occupied only with the secondary phenomena of consciousness—with the psychological effect of the object rather than the object, with distinctions rather than with things—and which in that preoccupation while seizing the shadow lost the substance. "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" not only left Mr. Joyce with a greater command over English than any other novelist had possessed; it was as well a sort of self-inoculation against a sensibility grown burdensome. Without either of these, "Ulysses" could never have been written. For in "Ulysses" the dual values of "The Portrait," the values of life and art, of reality and imagination, are developed side by side until each attains its maximum of expression, and the discrepancy between them issues in a form of humor which through its intellectual profundity becomes universal. It is a humor not of fashion, nor of character, but of the processes of life, those processes which create history and produce religions and civilizations while leaving the great part of the human race, the average sensual man outside us and within us, spiritually unchanged and apparently spiritually unchangeable. It sets the dreams of religion, the magic of language, the splendors of the intellect, the revolutions of history, over against the simple facts: the naivete of physical desire, the functions of the body, the triviality of the floating thoughts the body sends up into our minds. A theme so tremendous could only be expressed in great tragedy or great comedy, could only in one of these two ways be lifted into a plane where it no longer overwhelms us, and where, having passed through it, we are freed from its worst oppression. Had Mr. Joyce not inoculated himself against sensibility by an overdose of realism, he could never have attained this emancipating comic vision of the entire modern world. Had he not been so sensitive that he suffered monstrously from his sensibility his comedy would have had no driving power behind it. One feels again and again in "Ulysses" that the uproariousness of the farce, the recklessness of the blasphemy is wildest where the suffering of the artist has been most intense. A writer whose sufferings were so great and so conscious needed a more elaborate technique than most writers do, as much to put a distance between himself and his sufferings as to express them.

"Dubliners" and "The Portrait" were a necessary preparation, an apprenticeship strengthening the artist against life. They were exercises working out a part of Mr. Joyce's problem; but in "Ulysses" the whole problem is faced and to the extent of Mr. Joyce's present powers resolved. That problem must needs have been the problem of all the things from which he suffered, for the sincere artist is distinguished from the rest by the fact that his essential concern is with the things which make him suffer, the things, in other words, which stand between him and freedom. There is thus a necessary and an organic relation between him and his work, to create being, as Ibsen said, an act of emancipation. But when, as in "Ulysses," the creation is encyclopedic, when it attempts to gain freedom not from one but all the bonds, all the suffering, of the artist's soul, the impulse from which it started becomes a part of the autobiography of the book as well as of the writer. What Mr. Joyce suffered from in writing "Ulysses" was obviously in its completeness the life he had known; our modern world in all its intellectual manifestations as well as its full banality: in its beliefs, its hopes, its charities, its reverences; its religion, patriotism, humanitarianism, science, literature, politics; its illusions as well as its realities. How could the full volume of all those burdensome hopes, theories, sensibilities, banalities, cruelties, meannesses, sensualities be rendered in a work of art? Obviously not in a story, an action having a beginning, a development, a climax, and an end, but rather in a record of the most obvious unit of time in which all these could manifest themselves, in that unit of time which begins with something recalling birth and ends in something resembling death: in a day. "Ulysses" is a complete course, a set banquet, of the modern consciousness. And being that, no other unit could

* This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Muir dealing with those younger authors of today who are in the process of becoming established. Essays have appeared on D. H. Lawrence, Edith Sitwell, Lytton Strachey, and T. S. Eliot.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have served; the author could not have got into the record of a year what he has got into the record of a day.

But this banquet of the modern consciousness was to be a comic summing up as well as a banquet; it was to be not only abundant but so burdensomely, absurdly abundant that all the courses would be made to appear ridiculous, as Rabelais made the courses of the medieval banquet ridiculous. And as Mr. Joyce's encyclopedic plan justified the time unit of his chronicle, so his comic intention justified the minuteness of his portrayal, his huge accumulation of imaginative material. His humor is on one side, like that of Rabelais, a piling up of one burden on the mind after another until the breaking-point is reached—the breaking-point of laughter. It operates by oppressing us consciously with all the things which oppress us unconsciously, and by exaggerating all this until it seems ridiculous that we should bear it, or more exactly that it should exist at all. A sense of this or that anomaly in social relations, the sense which finds expression in polite comedy, is far too light to shift this immense weight. To do that comedy must include as many factors as the greatest tragedy; it must embrace not only man but all that he believes in, the whole anthropomorphic cosmos. But even when the absurdities of the spirit are piled up in this way they are still not in the realm of universal comedy; the last touch is still wanting. That is given by a running contrast between the vast symbols invented by man and his simple earthy reactions, between the extravagance of belief and the simplicity of fact, the decency of civilized life and the unseemliness of instinct. That was the mainspring of Rabelais's humor, and it is also that of Mr. Joyce's. The more absurd and minute the description of physiological reactions the greater obviously the effect. On the one hand an infinite vastness, on the other an infinitesimal smallness; the intellectual dreams and spiritual struggles of Stephen Dedalus in the one balance, the vagaries of Leopold Bloom's instincts in the other; around us the vast phantoms our minds have created, and within us the utilitarian functions of our bodies. And as the intellectual shapes which man has conceived to be first a release and then a burden are exaggerated, so his physical idiosyncrasies, his trifling thoughts, are refined upon. There is in Mr. Joyce's obscenity, as in that of Rabelais, an intellectual quality, as if in searching the recondite secrets of the natural processes of the body he were trying to penetrate to an unconscious humor of the cells, of those elementary principles of life which have built up not only the body but all this phantasmal structure which we call thought, religion, and civilization. His emphasis on the unseemly, on what, in other words, we have surpassed, depend upon, and wish to forget, is, at any rate, a necessary element in this kind of humor and an essential part of the plan of "Ulysses." It is perverse—that is to say, intellectualized deliberately; but so it had to be to achieve its purpose.

The vision of the world whose mainspring is in this radical sense of contrast is one which, if it did not issue in humor, would be nightmare. In "Ulysses" it does not always issue in humor. The brothel scene is horrible partly because it is a misshapen birth, because, conceived as a grand example of the humor of horror, it attains, through its failure, an atmosphere of horror which, because it is unintentional, is strictly monstrous and incapable of being resolved either into art or into human experience. It is a work of genius; it is more astonishing than anything else Mr. Joyce has written; but it has the portentous appearance of something torn from the womb of imagination, not the completeness of something born of it. We derive from it a vivid notion of the monstrous suffering through which the artist is passing; but here he has not passed through it; and we suffer equally as participators in the horrors of a raw experience and as spectators of a heroic but unavailing attempt to escape from it and set it in the realm of freedom and of art. Had Mr. Joyce succeeded with this gigantic scene he would have produced something supreme in literature and not merely something supremely astounding and terrifying. It was obviously designed to be the climax of the work; in it the last resources of the theme were to be brought on the stage; the unconscious desires which up to now had been allowed only a chance or oblique expression were to come nakedly to the surface and attain freedom. They do not attain freedom. The brothel scene is not a release of all the oppressions and inhibitions of life in our time; it is rather a gigantic attempt to attain release.

But if we grant this crucial failure in the book and a number of minor failures, there remains more comedy in the grand style than has appeared in our literature since the Elizabethan age. The last chapter is an acknowledged masterpiece, but there are others only less admirable. The pub scene produces, by an openly mechanical technique, Mr. Joyce's sense of contrast between an ordinary happening in all its banality and richness and the fantastic and etiolated symbols which the desires of men and the conventions of literature discover for it. Here it is the obviousness of the means, the mechanical ease with which the simple event assumes conventional or lofty forms in the fancy, that is at the root of the humor. We seem to see the illusions at their normal work. The banal fact and the fantastic interpretations are both present before our eyes, are both obvious and credible, the one arising spontaneously from the other, and are both ridiculous. The scene in the hospital, which has been so much criticized, is still more remarkable. There we see the figure of Mr. Bloom passing, as it were, through a comic pageant of the English spirit. In his progression he assumes a sort of absurd universality; he is a man "of Israel's folk . . . that on earth wandering far had fared"; he is "childe Leopold" and "sir Leopold that had for his cognisance the flower of quiet," and "Master Calmer," and "Leop. Bloom of Crawford's journal sitting snug with a covey of wags," and "Mr. L. Bloom (Pubb. Canv.)." He is a type, and a succession of types through history, and a multiplication of types in space; one person in himself and many persons in time and in the minds of men. In this scene Mr. Joyce's comic imagination is at its height; it raises Mr. Bloom into a legendary figure and gives him history and the world for his stage. But in doing that it fulfils once more the requirements of Mr. Joyce's humor, for to squat Mr. Bloom on the center of that stage was to attain a comic vision of the world and of history.

What is it that through this use of contrast, this breaking of our resistances by accumulation, Mr. Joyce tries to set in the plane of low comedy? First of all, professional seriousness of all kinds; and secondly, the objects about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which people are serious in this way: religion, to which the comic reaction is blasphemy; patriotism, to which it is little less; literature, to which it is parody; the claims of science, to which it is an application of anti-climax; sex, to which it is obscenity. When comedy attempts to become universal it has perforce to include blasphemy and obscenity, for these are the two poles of this comedy, just as the soul and the body are the two poles of human existence. To see religion with the eyes of comedy is not, of course, to laugh it out of existence, any more than to see sex comically is to destroy it. All that comedy can destroy is strictly the second-rate, everything that is not in its mode the best, everything less genuine than the genuine—a class of thoughts and emotions which makes up the preponderating part of the experience of most people and of all ages, and is a permanent burden which at times may become unbearable. Books such as "Ulysses" and "Gargantua" can be written only out of an almost insupportable feeling of oppression; for humor on this scale the sense of oppression is needed as a driving power. The load of oppression which Rabelais cleared away we can see now clearly enough; it is more difficult to realize, although it is easy to feel, what it is that oppresses in our age a creative writer like Mr. Joyce. But when the reverences of any time are taken very seriously and not very intensely, when a belief in enlightenment, progress, and humanity becomes habitual and men act and think with a fearful eye on it and on the most mediocre of its priests, it has already become as injurious to the creative impulse as the strictest obscurantism could be. It is a weight of second-rate sentiment and thought, and the time comes when the only thing to be done is to clear it away.

To destroy so completely, as Mr. Joyce does in "Ulysses," is to make a new start. Or more exactly, the new start must have been made before the destruction began, for the new thing destroys only that it may have room to grow in freedom. But what is new in this sense in "Ulysses" it is too early yet to attempt to say. There are flashes, for instance, of a peculiar kind of humor less like Rabelais than Shakespeare, a humor full of intellect and wit, as when Mr. Joyce makes one of the prostitutes in the brothel scene say: "It was a working plumber was my ruination when I was pure." This is a humor of half-serious play, intellectual through and through but without intellectual purpose. It seeks out analogies or contrasts which are so remote that they seem almost irrelevant, and which yet in their apparent irrelevancy are more universal than any more obvious analogy or contrast could be. But the most remarkable mark of originative genius in "Ulysses" is a certain immediacy not only of vision but of attitude. It is as if Mr. Joyce had resolved to discard the aesthetic sense of the last three centuries and in discarding that to return to the aesthetic consciousness in itself, an aesthetic consciousness which should not be selective, as the more it is developed and refined it tends to become, but should include everything. There are failures in this truly heroic attempt, but there are also magnificent successes. "Ulysses" gives one a lively notion of how difficult it is for a great work of art to be born and after inconceivable hazards to come to completion in our day; but it shows also, what is still more important, that this achievement is not impossible.

Can an Artist Live in America?*

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

NO one, so far as I know, has defined the terms of our question. For if the definition were clear and if we agreed as, I suppose, we should, that we mean: Can an American artist be productive in America? then it would become obvious to any reflective mind that the question is superfluous. There are other possible interpretations: Can an artist make a living in America? Can he be happy and free in America? To such questions various answers are possible. To the essential question: Can an American artist be productive in America? there is but one answer: Nowhere else.

I do not mean that the American artist should not go abroad or live abroad for a space of time. A well-stored American mind may be extraordinarily enriched by such experiences. It may, indeed, from the vantage-point of these fresh and fascinating perspectives come to see its American material in new and more concentrated and more plastic form. But I have no patience with the silliness of the professional artistic "expatriate" with his theory that you—an abstract you evidently—can work in Paris and not in Philadelphia, and have masterpieces happen to you in Cordova which would have remained unwritten in Connecticut.

Europe is delicious; Europe is adorable. Even that phosphorescence of decay which today is often the only spiritual light it has to offer is not unpleasing to the natural morbidezza of the artist's temper. And spring comes, spring with more song-birds than an American ear has ever heard, and you stroll through long avenues of blossoming chestnuts to an upland meadow. On the hill-edge of the meadow is a garden, with chairs and tables and country wine. And your European friends talk art and philosophy with a richness and grace that comes of long, inherited, easy familiarity with the things of the mind. Money isn't, thank heaven, involved. Your European friends haven't any and are not interested in it. The wine and bread cost a few pennies. Of course, one loves it. Of course, one thinks of the American spring alternative: crowded hotels, poisonously vulgar and expensive road-houses; at best, a grimy backyard in Greenwich Village and a little surreptitious synthetic Chianti. Of course . . .

Only, for us, this is diversion not life, rest and not art. It is rational enough to wish to have been born and to have lived here, even though at this moment of time Europe is artistically almost unproductive. But art needs the stuff of life; you cannot create out of nothing. And this is not our life, this is not our material. We can never learn it. No one can create out of a life that he has to perceive consciously. In this matter all must be instinct or must, at least, have become instinct. It does not matter whether you contemplate a lyric or an epic. Life and landscape strained through language have soaked into your marrow in one country only. I know the German language as well as most Germans. It does not matter. I know life here only from without and with my mind. I know American

* This is the sixth of a series of articles by American writers of the first rank, answering in the light of their personal experience the question: Can a literary artist function freely in the United States? Articles by Willa Cather and Floyd Dell will follow. Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, and Edgar Lee Masters have hitherto contributed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life with physical antennae, with the tips of my fingers; I know it through little tones and odors; I know its inarticulate meanings. I see man in that landscape, against that sky, with those sounds on his lips.

I shall, no doubt, be reminded of Shelley and of Browning in Italy and of Henry James in England. But both Shelley and Browning worked within a tradition and convention, the Italianate classicizing renaissance tradition which they themselves did much to exhaust and which has long been finally spent. They both instinctively, and prior to expression, translated their material into the symbolic terms of that great tradition in which they lived and moved. To attempt to write in that tradition today is to become quite hollow, to be feebly decorative at best. One can imagine Mr. Cale Young Rice permanently abroad, but neither Mr. Robinson nor Mr. Frost; Mr. Robert Chambers, like the late Marion Crawford, could weave his tales anywhere; Mr. Dreiser settled at Alt-Aussee or Mr. Anderson ensconced on the hills of Capri would be neither happy, productive, nor at home. The case of Henry James is immensely, as he would have said, to the point. His work at its best is exquisite. But it is, after all, only exquisite. A fatal Alexandrianism is its mark. Byron, another expatriate, took through the Continent the "pageant of his bleeding heart." Henry James dragged about Europe the spectacle of a faint distaste, a fastidiousness without energy.

It has all happened before. Longfellow went abroad in one generation, went during his own formative period, and came back writing like Uhland at his feeblest; in a far later generation Henry Harland went to Paris with the result that the stories in "Grey Roses" are, after all, not so good as Daudet even at his most sweetish moments. I forget neither Mr. Pound nor Mr. T. S. Eliot. Nor do I question their talent. But Mr. Pound rewrites a minor Latin poet and Mr. Eliot produces macaronic verses.

The very youngest generation of expatriates whose work appears in *Broom* and *Secession* and *S4N* all belong to the eternal Alexandrians. It is their aim, to quote a young friend of mine, to get away "from the realistically convincing and true to life" and to stress "the more rhetorical properties of letters." They play with letters as an earlier simpler generation played with elaborate acrostics. It is a delightful game for the player. Its connection with literature is slight. It has been in all ages the refuge of those who have more taste than talent, more cleverness than creative vitality. And, by a pathetic irony, that most advanced Europe for which, presumably, these young rhetoricians write persists in reading Whitman and Sinclair Lewis. For Europe naturally has a good memory. It remembers the Greek rhetors who played with certain properties of letters so very long ago; it remembers the acrostics; it knows the DaDa was half a sign of exhaustion and half sheer *blague*. Both Werfel and Duhamel are terribly, agonizedly concerned with life. Even expressionism is dead in Europe. In brief, this whole question of the artist in America has been raised primarily by youths who, in their innocence, are striving after a moment in the literary history of Europe which Europe itself has almost forgotten.

I shall be committing no indiscretion if I report how Sinclair Lewis told me in Vienna the other day that it was time for him to go home and refresh within himself the feeling of American life, nor if I repeat the story of how Miss Millay, intensely charmed by the freedom and variety of existence in Europe, suddenly declared that, for creative purposes, life didn't "smell right"; and hurried home. The authentic artist in letters has no ultimate choice. The landscape, language, life of his country are his material, his work, the body of his creative self.

This is not to say that it is easy for the artist to live in America. Nor does it apply to the practitioners of all the arts. The musician cannot, for instance, exist without Europe. He cannot master his technique at home; he cannot ally himself with the fundamental traditions and moods of his art. But the comparative and immediate universality of his medium gives him an initial freedom. The writer who can attain universality only at the price of an original home-rootedness must make the best of his given environment. He must, in America, through the activity of a rational opposition, liberate his soul from the heavy pressure of the fundamentalists, the rabid moralists, the stupid censors. He must try to take a long view and possess his soul in peace. It is possible to live a decent and moral artistic life even in America. It may take more courage than it is always comfortable to exercise. The artist can be consoled by the reflection that his conflict today may ease some better man's tomorrow. Of course, if he is a mere *littérateur* and wants midnight *cafés* and endless conversation and *cénacles* and movements, he will feel lonely and dispirited in America. The artist, though he may like and relish all these things at times, is utterly independent of them. The great European writers live as quiet and withdrawn a life as their American colleagues. They are the reverse of gregarious. I can imagine no better place for high creative activity than a New England village or one in the lake country of southern Wisconsin. The artist could not be happy in the lynching belt, but neither could he be in Poland or Hungary. "Even in a palace life may be well lived." Even in a Cincinnati flat poetry may be well written. The prospect from a Venetian window will be richer and lovelier. But the plumbing will be dreadful. And I am not so sure whether in the long run and to an American artist the plumbing is not as important as the prospect. Our spirits are housed in bodies and our bodies are dependent on time and place and circumstance. All artists everywhere should visit the countries of their dreams. But they must live at home.

All That by Any Feat of Light

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

All that by any feat of light appears
Is now upon his eyes. The circle of sound
Converges at his ears, and on the ground
His footfall lays its tangents without fears.
He, that without the sheaving cord of her,
Loose and unpropped, went with the different airs,
Now stands erect and ripeningly wears
The shift of those that broke him with their stir.
And no one, no one, not with any word
Knows how to gather into breath the name
Of that which she has worked, who purely heard
The rustle of his scattered straws that came
Across a bitten field—who, unrewarded,
Held them and lent her life to keep them corded.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

First Glance

M. AURELIEN DIGEON permitted his study of "The Novels of Fielding" (Dutton: $4.50) to be translated into English in the hope, he says, that the book "might persuade a few more of his [Fielding's] countrymen to turn again to one of the greatest writers ever produced by their race." For "although one cannot say that he is neglected by English readers today, he does not seem to enjoy his full share of glory." M. Digeon, I venture to say, is mistaken upon this not too important point. Fielding may still be missing his full share of glory, since that is very great; but he is so far from being neglected, at least in the United States, that I doubt if any old novel is read as often now as "Tom Jones" is, or universally ranked so high. Several recent editions testify to a renewed demand for Fielding's masterpiece, and it has not been so long since Professor Wilbur Cross's most copious and panegyrical "History of Henry Fielding" stated for once and all the claims of the novelist upon this generation. So that M. Digeon's study of the four famous novels, if it did no more than call attention to their existence and their excellence, would be superfluous—interesting enough, of course, as a tribute from France, and welcome enough as a sign that Fielding's vogue abroad, always considerable, had not died; but hardly calling for translation into the language out of which it had drawn its substance.

M. Digeon, however, has a few new things to say, and he has a new way of saying them. Fielding has seldom or never been subjected to subtle analysis and delicate appreciation by a critic of his own race. Perhaps because he is so clear and satisfactory a writer, perhaps because he has been so hugely and obviously a success, he has been paid for the most part with common coin. Englishmen and Americans without number have indicated their helplessness before "Tom Jones," and this is high praise; few have taken the trouble to trace the history of its author's genius through all the books in which it manifested itself. Professor Cross by his very amplitude produced a biography which had many of the qualities of Fielding himself; yet the scale upon which he worked prevented him, it would seem, from saying the last, the subtlest word upon many a point. Professor Cross must remain for a long time the standard critic as well as the standard biographer of Fielding. M. Digeon, however, must also be remembered as one who added a valuable chapter upon the precise nature of Fielding's temperament, upon the fine truth of his art. With remarkable penetration he has written the separate history of this artist's advance through "Joseph Andrews," "Jonathan Wild," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia," pointing out parallelisms and discovering interrelations by the way. He has actually found something fresh to say about the rival careers of Fielding and Richardson. No one, not even Professor Cross, has surpassed him in understanding and love of Parson Adams. And he has made a distinct contribution to his subject in those scattered paragraphs which trace the precipitation of Fielding's moral ingredient. The parodist who wrote "Joseph Andrews," the ironist who wrote "Jonathan Wild," the moralist who wrote "Tom Jones"—these, mingling with the Bow Street justice, became the moralizer who wrote "Amelia." "Thus bit by bit the magistrate in him was killing the artist." Thus the humanitarian whose magistracy, according to Mrs. Dorothy George, "marks a turning-point in the social history of London" ceases to be the prose Homer whose narratives determine the whole history of an art.

Professor Cross's "Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," regrettably out of print for several years, now reaches a new edition in two handsome volumes roughly uniform with the three volumes of the "Fielding" (Yale University Press: $7). In addition to many minor changes in the text there are a number of hitherto unpublished letters, including all of those contained in Sterne's "letter-book." No new edition could have been more welcome.

MARK VAN DOREN

The British Parliamentary Scene

The Public Life. By J. A. Spender. F. A. Stokes Company. Two volumes. $10.

NO formal study of the theory of the English constitution, or of the recent political history of the country, will be half so useful to American students of English politics as these two volumes. For many years the editor and chief political writer of the most influential liberal daily in London, the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. Spender had unequaled access to the governing mind in the Liberal Party, and himself played a considerable part in molding the opinion and policy of governments. Close personal acquaintance with many of the leading figures in the political scene for some forty years has given him that inside view and warm appreciation of personalities so essential to the interpretation of political history in any country.

His chief theme is the House of Commons, the center of legislative and executive government, the great arena of debate and education in British methods of political conduct. After briefly tracing the streams of politics which from the early eighteenth century onward converged upon the House of Commons and made it the supreme authority, he illustrates the life of Parliament by a series of skilful portraits of the great parliamentarians of the nineteenth century, bringing the gallery up to date by personal appreciations of the party leaders of our time. We thus see parliamentary government as an organism drawing sustenance from hidden sources in established usages and public sentiments and adapting itself with greater ease than could be expected to the needs of new times. Mr. Spender is at his best when assessing the qualities and defects of Parliament men.

Punch bears out his shrewd remark that "the British people seem even to like slightly ridiculous qualities in their heroes"—something that lends itself to caricature. There is more importance than at first appears in his observation: "It is an ingrained habit of the British people to regard their politicians as 'sportsmen' and to apply the sporting code to a large part of their abilities." High intellectual integrity and nice scrupulosity are out of place in the game of politics. Deportment plays a great part in determining success or failure. But Mr. Spender has a great opinion of the working honesty and efficiency of the parliamentary system. There is plenty of loose logic in his methods and procedure. British statesmen seldom or never attempt to work out abstract principles or long-time policies. A good deal of instinct, art, genius is needed for success in the game. For though Mr. Spender professes great veneration for the House, and imputes a high level of public spirit to most of its leaders, he leaves us with the feeling that except in rare moments of national emergency the scene is one of a great game. For the majority of members of the House politics is certainly not a science, or an expert profession, or a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spiritual calling. If expert knowledge is required for the use of Parliament, it must be provided from outside. Common sense, a certain clarity of intelligence and speech, and general experience in the handling of affairs are sufficient for the intellectual equipment even of a great parliamentary leader. A Gladstone, a Morley, or a Balfour may possess a higher brand of intellectualism, but if they apply it to politics, at any rate in the House of Commons, they are likely to go wrong. So, too, with high ideals and enthusiasms: they are out of keeping with the gray atmosphere of the place.

To many readers the most informing part of Mr. Spender's book is his discussion of the relations between politicians and the press, and the part played by the latter in the formation of public opinion. He notes the growing commercialism and sensationalism of the general press of the country as a distinct peril to political education, but consoles his readers with the reflection that "the British people have something in them which resists all the experiments of the writing tribe." This "something" gave to the Liberals the sweeping victory of 1906, with almost the entire press against them. The Labor Party has made its recent great advances with very little newspaper backing. But his account of the rapid recent development of the art of press propaganda in Britain and elsewhere leaves us with an uneasy feeling that a press which gave "what the public wants" is everywhere giving place to one which gives "what the public can be made to think it wants"—something different and much more dangerous.

Mr. Spender is frankly disconcerted by the appearance of the Labor Party. Parliament, as he sees it, can only be properly conducted on two-party lines. A third party, if it has come to stay, is extremely inconvenient, inviting weak and short governments, awkward "arrangements," and possibly a "bloc" system such as prevails upon the Continent. So long, however, as three effective parties exist Mr. Spender sees Liberalism as the golden mean between a reactionary or unprogressive Toryism and a revolutionary Laborism. Here one approaches the limitations of our guide. In his discussions of the economics and the ethics of government he fails to appreciate the necessity of the rise of the third party, by reason of certain deep inherent and permanent defects of English liberalism. The theme is too large for adequate discussion here. But the failure of the Liberal Party and its governments throughout its period of prosperity and power even to approach, much less to solve, the vitally important problems gathered under the caption The Condition of the People convinced the dawning intelligence of the working classes that they could not expect to get from liberalism the substance of the Liberty and Equality for which it professed to stand. Mr. Spender is himself no belated adherent of the old Manchesterism, is not tied up to narrow laissez-faire individualism, and is even ready for considerable experiments in the relations between capital and labor as regards distribution of income and control of industry. But I do not think he adequately realizes either the intricate ramifications of economic injustice or the difficulties of getting voluntarily from the master classes an adequate surrender of that personal power which is prized more highly even than the property with which it is so closely linked and through which it is so strongly exercised. But, then, neither do I think that foreign policy, and the safety of civilization which hinges thereon, can be safely trusted in the future, any more than in the past, to statesmen such as those who made and consolidated the Triple Entente, trapped the British nation unwittingly into the Great War, and contrived a peace so thickly sown with the seeds of folly, hatred, and misery as to overtax the wisdom of our new generation of statesmen in their efforts to escape its consequences. But these differences of opinion with Mr. Spender do very little to abate my admiration for the profundity of knowledge, force of understanding, and firmness of judgment which distinguish every chapter of his admirable treatise.

J. A. HOBSON

Yazoo's Favorite

An Old-Fashioned Senator: A Story-Biography of John Sharp Williams. By Harris Dickson. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

SOME months ago, essaying a literary survey of the Republic, I animadverted sadly upon the dreadful barrenness of the great State of Mississippi. Speaking as a magazine editor, I said that I had never heard of a printable manuscript coming out of it. Speaking as a frequenter of the Athenian grove, I said that I had never heard of it hatching an idea.

Instantly there was an uproar from Iuka to Pascagoula. The vernacular press had at me with appalling yells; there were demands from the Ku Klux that I come down to Jackson and say it again; Kiwanis joined the Baptist Young People's Society in denouncing me as one debauched by Russian gold. Worse, the indigenous intelligentsia had at me, too. Emerging heroically from the crypts and spring-houses where they were fugitive from Rotary, they bawled me out as ignorant and infamous. Had I never heard, they demanded, of Harris Dickson, the Mississippi Balzac? Had I never heard of John Sharp Williams, the Mississippi Gladstone?

I had, but remained unmoved. I continue unmoved after reading Balzac's tome on Gladstone. It is, in its small way, a tragic book. Here, obviously, is the best that Mississippi can do, in theme and treatment—and it is such puerile, blowsy stuff that reviewing it realistically would be too cruel. Here the premier literary artist of Mississippi devotes himself *con amore* to the life and times of the premier Mississippi statesman—and the result is a volume so maudlin and nonsensical that it would disgrace a schoolboy. The book is simply mush—and out of the mush there emerges only a third-rate politician, professionally bucolic and as hollow as a jug.

Yet this Williams, during his long years in Congress, passed in Washington as an intellectual. Cloak-room and bar-room gossip credited him with a profound education and very subtle parts. Such ideas, when they prevail in Washington, perhaps need and deserve no investigation; the same astute correspondents who propagated this one now couple Dr. Coolidge with Aristotle and Pericles. But maybe there was some logic in it, after all; Williams, at some time in the past, had been to Heidelberg and knew more or less German and French. That accomplishment, in a Southern politician, was sufficient to set the capital by the ears. So the Williams legend grew, and toward the end it rose to the dignity of a myth, like that of Dr. Taft's eminence as a constitutional lawyer. Even the learned hero's daily speeches on Teutonic mythology during the war did not drag him out of Valhalla himself. The press gallery gaped and huzzahed.

But the Heidelberg chapter in Mr. Dickson's book leaves the myth rather sick. It starts off, indeed, with a disconcerting couplet:

> In Germany 'twas very clear
> He'd leave the rapiers for beer.

And what follows is distressingly silent about cultural accretions. Young Williams's main business at Heidelberg, it appears, was putting the abominable Prussian *Junker* in their place. They naturally assumed that their American fellow-student could be thrown about with impunity. Encountering him on the sidewalk, they tried, in the manner made historic by the Creel Press Bureau, to shove him off. Presently one of these fiends in human form came melodramatically to grief. Williams challenged him, and, "according to Prussian ethics," named the weapons—pistols. A shock, indeed! The monster expected sabers, at which he was diabolically expert, but Williams didn't "intend to go home with his face all slashed, and have folks jeer at him for getting his jaw cut on a beer glass." Facing cold lead, the Prussian was so scared that he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASS OF 1925 LIBRARY

Life and Letters of JOHN BURROUGHS
Clara Barrus

A splendid and realistic portrait done in the Boswellian manner by the physician and confidante of the great naturalist, and made up largely of extracts from his journals. *Illustrated,* 2 volumes, boxed. Ready in October.

$12.50

The Tale of GENJI
Lady Murasaki

"I find Murasaki's narrative persistently reminding me of Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' with music by Debussy. . . . The story is vigorously alive. Its petals drift on eternal flesh and blood. . . . It reads like the wind."—*Witter Bynner* in the *New York Herald Tribune.* $3.00

ANDREW BRIDE OF PARIS
Henry Sydnor Harrison

How a brilliant and disillusioned young American went to Paris to live forever—and what happened then. $2.00

SOAMES GREEN
Margaret Rivers Larminie

British critics are calling this delightful story "the nearest approach to Jane Austen that we have today." $2.00

A FOUNTAIN SEALED
Anne Douglas Sedgwick

"As clean cut and sensitive a piece of work as its author has ever done."—*Boston Transcript.* Uniform with "The Little French Girl." $2.50

JOHN KEATS
Amy Lowell

"It is a notable biography and it is to this rather than to any other that the lover of Keats will turn."—"Æ" (George W. Russell) in the *Irish Statesman.* "Criticism as refreshing in its rightness as it is titanic in its proportions."—Mark Van Doren in the *New York Herald Tribune.* Lavishly illustrated, fifth large printing, 2 volumes, boxed. $12.50

NOTABLE FALL BOOKS

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Ready October 23

Washington's Diaries

It is with particular pleasure that we announce for publication in October under the auspices of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association the first complete issue of the Diaries of George Washington, giving an illuminating and authentic portrait of the Father of his Country, in his own words. Edited by John C. Fitzpatrick. Frontispiece, 4 volumes, boxed. $25.00

Ready November 6

Jefferson and Hamilton
Claude G. Bowers

The author of "Party Battles of the Jackson Period" vividly describes the memorable ten years' struggle between Jefferson and Hamilton to determine whether or not this should be a Democratic Republic.

Illustrated. $5.00

If you are interested in books and the men and women who write them, we invite you to sign and mail this coupon.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
2 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Please send me, without charge, The Piper, a periodical devoted to books and their authors, including the special children's and Christmas issues.

Name.....

Address.....

Released for PUBLICATION
Oscar King Davis

Written with extraordinary frankness, giving new and unconventional glimpses of such men as Roosevelt, Taft, Beveridge, Borah, La Follette, Hiram Johnson, and Hughes, this book is of absorbing interest as well as of rare historical value. *Illustrated.*

$5.00

Formative Period of the FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
W. P. G. Harding

Eight years a member and six years Governor of the Board, Mr. Harding is able to write with authority the financial history of the United States from 1914 to 1922. *Illustrated.* $4.50

CITIES OF MANY MEN
H. C. Chatfield-Taylor

Brilliant and delightful portraits of people in the public eye and of life in general during the last half century in London, Paris, New York, and Chicago. *Illustrated.*

$5.00

HERBS AND APPLES
Helen Hooven Santmyer

A story of life in Ohio, told with a beautiful realism and passionate intensity. $2.50

THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR
Hector C. Bywater

A full and graphic account of the American-Japanese campaign of 1931-33 written by the author of "Sea-Power in the Pacific" after prolonged study and investigation.

$2.50

WHAT'S O'CLOCK
Amy Lowell

"Poetry forever alive with the lawlessness of fancy and the instinct of beauty. . . . A glittering sheaf of lovely things that you will read and read, and put aside to take up and read again."—*Boston Transcript.* "Sedulous care of beauty . . . unerring instinct for the word, the phrase, the line."—*New York Times.*

$2.25

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fired prematurely. Worse, he so lost his wits that he addressed his antagonist as "Freiherr Williams." That antagonist fired into a snowbank. Some time later, having got all that was worth while out of Heidelberg, "he came sailing home full even then of his ultimate intention: he'd go in for politics, he'd become a professional politician."

A professional politician he remained for thirty years, always in office, first in the House and then in the Senate. His start was slow—he practiced law for a time—but once he was on the payroll he stayed there until old age was upon him. For a number of years he was Democratic leader in the House; twice he got the party vote for the Speakership. In the Senate he was technically in the ranks, but on great occasions he stepped forward. His specialties, toward the end, were the divine inspiration of Woodrow Wilson, the incomparable valor of the American soldier, the crimes of the Kaiser, the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, the godlike bellicosity of the Confederate gentry, and the nature and functions of a gentleman. On these themes he discoursed almost every afternoon. The boys in the press gallery liked him, and he got plenty of space. Always his rodomontades brought forth dark hints about his esoteric learning, and the news that, next after Henry Cabot Lodge, he was the most cultivated man in the Senate.

Mr. Dickson prints extracts from some of his speeches. Criticism, obviously, is an art not yet in practice in Mississippi, even among the literati. I used to read him in the *Congressional Record;* he was really not so bad as Dickson makes him out. His career, seen in retrospect, seems to have been mainly a vacuum. Once or twice he showed a certain fine dignity, strange in a Southern politician. He opposed the Prohibition frenzy. He voted against the bonus. But usually, despite his constant talk of independence, he ran with the party pack. For years a professional Jeffersonian, he brought his career to a climax by giving lyrical support to the Emperor Woodrow, who heaved the Jeffersonian heritage into the ash-can. During the La Follette uproar he was one of the most vociferous of the witch-burners. He passed out in silence, regretted for his rustic charm, but not much missed.

I commend "An Old-Fashioned Senator" to all persons who are interested in the struggle of the South to throw off its cobwebs. Both as document and as work of art the book makes it very plain why Mississippi's place in that struggle is in the last rank.

H. L. MENCKEN

"Ramsay Mac"

Wanderings and Excursions. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

YOU should have seen what a dinner we enjoyed in honor of "Ramsay Mac" on the night of May 22! When I say we, I mean that some two hundred of us went at the invitation of T. P. O'Connor, the redoubtable journalist and Irish patriot, Father of the House of Commons, and when I say what a dinner, I do not refer to the food but to the quality of the guests. Leaders of all three political parties were there, and a crowd of men who take no interest in party politics at all—dramatists like James Barrie, actors like Arthur Bourchier, novelists like Jerome K. Jerome, poets like Binyon, economists like F. W. Hirst, and heaven knows what others! Such a gathering was proof of two remarkable facts at least: first, that in this country an honest man can always hope to overcome unpopularity in matters of opinion; and secondly, that Ramsay MacDonald possesses the power of exciting wide sympathy and affection.

If that number of guests had been invited for such an occasion ten years ago, or even five years ago, hardly a dozen would have come. The rest would have written to plead other engagements, or would have asked T. P. O'Connor if he meant to insult them by inviting them to meet such a man—a man who had denounced the war, was a mere pacifist, and therefore no better than a traitor. But now it was all roses, roses, all cheers and rapture, all trying in vain to sing "He's a jolly good fellow"—a stupid doggerel that modest Englishmen always try to sing while pretending they are not singing; which indeed calls for no pretense. And in the second place, the character of the assembly, so representative of all that is distinguished in English life, proved that our ex-Prime Minister is no mere politician bound to the formulae of his party but a man of fine nature, wide interests, and sweetly reasonable intellect.

The same is proved by this little book—a book so different from anything that any previous Prime Minister could have written. Here we are shown a man whose most genuine delight is in the solitudes of wild nature, or in passing unobserved among strange peoples. I might almost say that so long as the nature or the peoples are utterly different from the politicians of London and from the regions of London society he is entirely happy. Last autumn I passed with him through north and midland England, and far away into South Wales. Even then I observed his delight in beautiful and uninhabited nature wherever we came through it. But we were in a motor, and afoot is for him the right way of going; and we were on a vast political campaign, and to shake off all thought of politics is his delight.

In the first part of these fascinating essays are collected short glimpses of walks or visits to his own native mountains, streams, and people. One immediately perceives the Scotsman's devotion to his own land, so small, so varied, and so lovable. With shameless adaptation of Walter Scott I said of MacDonald the other day: "His heart's in the Highlands avoiding the deer." Every line of these descriptive essays shows I was right in fixing what some in your country would perhaps denominate the "location" of his heart. Most of us children of the mountains are like that. We seem to be bodily present at work in London or Birmingham or some other hell-hole where busy manufacturers have made a wilderness and called it wealth. But we are really far away among our mountains and, in the words of a greater poet, "we hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore."

Ramsay MacDonald writes with almost (not quite) equal enjoyment of English scenes through which he has passed afoot, especially of England's historic castles and scenes of splendid or terrible memories. Walking somewhere near Banbury not far from Oxford, he met the owner of an ancient castle who invited him to breakfast. The name is not mentioned, but I think it must have been Compton Ricketts, the family home of the Lords of Northampton. He writes:

> Then we went through its myriad passages and stairways. This is the England of romance. The stairways are worn by the feet of many generations. Here kings slept, in this cupboard fugitives hid, at this altar men whose memories will live forever received sacrament. In a great barn-like room at the top a whole regiment slept before Edge Hill, and to a small isolated chamber approached by a secret stairway came John Hampden, John Pym, Sir Harry Vane, Warwick, and Essex, to lay their plans. We walked away out of fairyland into peace—into the meadow and the corn land; along the obscured pathways into the villages, the churches, the inns.

Yes, that is England, and it pleases me to think that I too was in a sense present at that council in the Civil War. For John Hampden was my mother's great (I don't know how many greats) grandfather. But "our Ramsay Mac" does not limit himself to his own country or to mine. I suppose he has traveled further than any other prime minister on record, though Disraeli in his youth learned much about Palestine and the Near East. MacDonald, so far as I remember, is the first to have visited India and to have studied the problems of that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Scribner's Sons Announce —

HIGHLAND ANNALS
By Olive Tilford Dargan

Here, from the pine-scented uplands of North Carolina, is one of the most delightful books of years. Mrs. Dargan is known as a poet of distinguished achievement—this book will place her among the first writers of American fiction. $2.00

SAMUEL DRUMMOND
By Thomas Boyd

"The course of the life of a farmer in northwest Ohio, with whom all goes well until he is drawn into the Civil War. Warm, rich, and beautiful; recommended to everybody."—*The New Yorker.* $2.00

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!
By Meredith Nicholson

The ancient phrase, which is usually linked with the statement "and so they were married," has ironic intent as the title of Mr. Nicholson's new novel, which begins at the point where most novels leave off. In swift, direct, graphic narrative he presents a slashing dramatization of modern marriage. $2.00

THE LOST GOSPEL — *By Arthur Train*

Suppose a fifth Gospel were found, one in which the recorder of the savings of Jesus Christ, a young Roman patrician, had interviewed Christ at length? What would result? These questions seized upon Arthur Train and gave him no rest until he had written this story. $1.50

The Unique Book for Boys and Girls

THE FLYING CARPET
Edited by Cynthia Asquith

J. M. Barrie, Thomas Hardy, A. A. Milne, are a few of the twenty-four distinguished contributors to this notable book. It is beautifully illustrated. These are original contributions, done especially for THE FLYING CARPET. $2.50

BEYOND HATRED
By Albert Guérard $3.00

LETTERS TO A LADY IN THE COUNTRY
Edited by Stuart P. Sherman $2.00

THE WRITING OF FICTION
By Edith Wharton $2.00

Forthcoming Books

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMER
By Frederick C. Howe $3.00

A WILD-ANIMAL ROUND-UP
By W. T. Hornaday $5.00

THE DRIFTING COWBOY
By Will James $3.50

THE SENATE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS — *By Henry Cabot Lodge*

This intensely interesting and important record of Senator Lodge's work in the Senate during the second Wilson administration begins with the Mexican situation. It discusses the attitude of the President and of the country at the beginning of the Great War, the inside story of the *Lusitania* notes, and the famous alleged postscript, the entrance of the United States into the war, and finally the many controversies between the President and the Senate over the ratification of the Peace Treaty. *Published October 16th.* $4.00

NOTES AND ANECDOTES OF MANY YEARS
By Joseph Bucklin Bishop

Anecdotes about Horace Greeley, John Hay, Henry Ward Beecher, Edwin L. Godkin, Theodore Roosevelt, and many others, with much pith as well as wit and fun. $2.50

BUSINESS POWER THROUGH PSYCHOLOGY — *By Edgar James Swift*

Every large aspect of business is examined in the bright light of psychology, to form a book compact of human interest and invaluable information. $3.00

WEST OF THE PACIFIC
By Ellsworth Huntington

Travels in Japan, Korea, China, Java, and Australia—from the new and fresh viewpoint of their anthropological and humanly geographical significance. *For early publication.* $4.50

SOCIAL CLASSES IN POST-WAR EUROPE
By Lothrop Stoddard

On a recent journey Mr. Stoddard closely observed the relative position of classes in Europe—shattered by the war in ways of great political and historical significance. $2.00

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR
By Michael Pupin

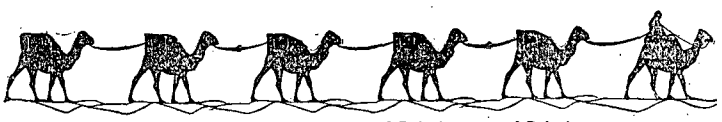
A new edition at just half the price of the original. $2.00

Dr. Van Dyke's New Book of Stories

HALF-TOLD TALES — *By Henry van Dyke*

The first book of fiction in five years by Dr. Van Dyke—philosopher, poet, essayist, spiritual teacher, and master teller of tales. $1.50

Mr. Galsworthy's "Caravan" has set out on a long journey—



CARAVAN presents all of Mr. Galsworthy's stories, 56 in number. It is uniform with THE FORSYTE SAGA.
Cloth, $2.50; limp leather, thin paper, $4.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great semi-continent on the spot. Very few of our statesmen have taken that trouble. Curzon was, of course, an exception, and so was Montagu. But though John Morley always hoped to be Secretary for India, he never went there, and his actions when he actually became Secretary were often marred by his ignorance. MacDonald's book on India, though small, is still a guide to Indian affairs.

Besides, he has visited Egypt, Greece, Turkey, and the Caucasus, that glorious region inhabited by the noble Georgian race, now suffering under Russian Soviet tyranny much as I saw them suffering under the Russian Czar's tyranny nearly twenty years ago. His sense is as keenly alive to the charm of history as to nature. In writing of Constantinople three years ago he says:

> There are places—sometimes great cities like Rome, sometimes only buildings like the Tower of London or the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling—into which time and event have breathed the breath of life and they have become as living souls. We think of them as brooding over their past and looking upon the generation around them with the detachment of one whose thoughts are fixed elsewhere, or with the pity of one who endures in the midst of a world that is fussing, fuming, and passing into a shadow.

The man who can think and write like that can never become the ordinary dull politician or economist. It is, I think, that reserve of passionate sensibility, thought, and knowledge that gives him his influence over his opponents, and even over his followers and most intimate enemies—a far more difficult influence to maintain. The concluding chapters of the book deal with politics more directly. They are A Letter to a Young Liberal, A Letter to a Communist, and notes on Jean Jaurès and Keir Hardy. If one seeks knowledge of Ramsay MacDonald's own political position and the difficulties that surround and threaten it, chiefly owing to his very knowledge and sweet reasonableness, one may find it in those chapters.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

A Modern Heracleitus

Experience and Nature. By John Dewey. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. $3.

HERACLEITUS was called the Dark, the Obscure, the Profound. His sayings were thought to be obscure, remarks Mr. Santayana, only because they were so disconcertingly penetrating. After all, to be profound often means no more than being simple and naive, provided, of course, one is simple and naive enough.

The readers of Mr. Dewey almost always complain that he is difficult to understand. The reason is that they fail to grasp the profound simplicity, the utter naivete of the man. Those who find their way into philosophy through the elaborate technique of epistemological analysis, or through the rigorous analysis of mathematics and physical science are too sophisticated to understand him. They expect to find in him more of the same kind of thing. But his philosophy is not the perpetuation of a tradition, it is not the further refinement of inherited doctrines, it does not move within the limits of customary distinctions and conceptions. Like Francis Bacon's, his philosophy is not a renovation but an innovation.

The key to the understanding of Mr. Dewey lies in the grasping of a fundamental distinction, a distinction that runs through all of his writings and which gives point to his penetrating criticisms of historical philosophy and sets the context for his original conclusions. There is an essential difference between the realm of being and having and acting on the one hand and the realm of interpretation and knowing on the other. There is much within experience that is of no cognitive significance and is entirely devoid of intellectual character. Anyone may distinguish between the act of picking up a glass of water and drinking it when one is thirsty and the act of reflecting upon water when the aim is to determine its properties. The former act is primarily concerned with the action and moves in the realm of being; the latter is essentially a matter of reflection and moves in the realm of knowing. The life of reason is secondary to the life of action. Water exists primarily to be drunk, not to be thought about. Man is essentially a creature of action and only secondarily a creature of reflection. Reflection emerges in the course of man's struggle to gain control over his environment. So long as things adequately serve our purposes we use them rather than think about them. It is only when their uses are insufficient and when their possession is precarious that they become objects of thought. That is to say, things are possessed before they are thought. Experience is primarily an affair of being and having, of suffering and enjoying, of loving and hating, of desiring and seeking. Not in thought but in action, not in inference but in immediacy lies the substance of experience, while interpretation and cognition are its derivatives and secondary forms. The immediate data of experience are not ideas but the things we do and the things we have done to us. Reflection, which is a relatively late stage in experience, supervenes in order that the things we have may be had in a more secure and enduring form.

In the previous writings of Mr. Dewey this separation of our knowing experience from our having and enjoying experience has been developed largely on the side of its implications for a theory of logic. The outstanding feature of the present book is the systematic development of the implications of the distinction for a theory of nature and metaphysics.

The metaphysical aspects of experience may be described from the standpoint of either of the terms in this distinction; that is, from the standpoint of the direct and immediate qualities of experience when taken on the level of action or from the standpoint of reflection when things are taken in the context of analysis. Now, which of these two approaches yields a more penetrating insight into the character of existence and nature? Do we discover more about the ultimate character of reality through intellectual analysis or through pointing to those aspects of nature and life which portray themselves on the level of prereflective experience?

Traditional metaphysics has almost without exception arrived at its conclusions through the indirect method of reflection. What things are has been an inference guided by logic. The dialectical movement of thought has been carried over and made the basis for an interpretation of the processes of nature. And since inference and interpretation have been thought to be the elementary and universal forms of all experience, the result has been to identify metaphysics with logic and consequently to deduce a theory of reality from a theory of thought.

Now, the naivete of Professor Dewey, the naivete that is so confusing to those readers who have been trained to trust the method of idealistic logic, is his simple acceptance of the stirrings and perturbations of immediate and non-reflective experience as directly existential and truly metaphysical. The entire book may be said to be an analysis of the metaphysical implications of non-reflective experience. It is based on the firm belief that the aspects of immediate having and direct enjoying are a lucid revelation of the ultimate character of reality. He attempts to tell us what things are when taken on the level of action. Life as immediately lived is in part stable and in part precarious, it has its consummations and its finalities as well as its frustrations and its anticipations. These qualities of experience are inwrought into the very structure of nature.

So much, then, is clear. Since there is a fundamental distinction between being and knowing, we can hardly expect to encounter being in the realm of knowing. Since metaphysics is an affair of existence, if we want to know what existence is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Installment of
A NEW UNNAMED WORK
BY JAMES JOYCE
with number one of

"1601"
MARK TWAIN'S DARING
SUPPRESSED MASTERPIECE
Given to the Reading Public for the first time
with number two of

TWO WORLDS

A Literary Quarterly devoted to the Increase of the Gaiety of Nations

EDITED BY SAMUEL ROTH

Contributing Editors

Arthur Symons Ezra Pound Ford Madox Hueffer

LIMITED TO 450 SUBSCRIBERS | Every copy is beautifully printed, bound and boxed. | THREE DOLLARS A COPY TEN DOLLARS A YEAR

CONTENTS OF NUMBER ONE
Out Now

LIFE AND LETTERS
A NEW UNNAMED WORK (First Installment) — *James Joyce*
A PARABLE OF TIME — *Louis Zukofsky*
LES DEMOISELLES DE BIENFILATRE Translated by Arthur Symons from the French of — *Villiers de l'Isle Adam*
SONGS FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF MY LADY JOAN — *Francis Page*
OUTLAWS OF LIFE: A Play — *Arthur Symons*
PROLOGUE — *David Zorn*
THE MILK OF HEAVENLY KINDNESS (A novel concerning the upper regions) — *Samuel Roth*

¶ TWO WORLDS offers with every issue, complete, a novel, a play, a short story, and verse, when good sound verse is to be obtained;

¶ TWO WORLDS appears promptly on the 15th of every September, December, March and June;

¶ To maintain independence in the choice of its material TWO WORLDS limits itself to 450 subscriptions which are executed by express;

¶ TWO WORLDS can only be had by subscription, which is $3 for one issue, $10 for a year of four issues.

¶ AS THIS ADVERTISEMENT GOES TO PRESS THERE REMAIN ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN SUBSCRIPTIONS WHICH CAN BEGIN WITH NUMBER ONE. NEEDLESS TO ADD, THOSE WHOSE SUBSCRIPTIONS COME IN FIRST WILL BE GIVEN PREFERENCE;

¶ The existence of 107 copies of the first number should interest those who have been paying *bootleg* prices for it.

The whole world has heard about this grotesquely charming, Rabelaisian study in Social Conversation at the Fireside in the Time of Queen Elizabeth—probably the most remarkable sketch of its kind in the whole range of American Literature. "Print it, Mark. You have never done a greater piece of work than that," advised David Gray, but, hemmed in by the obscene puritanism of his time, poor Mark saw the manuscript wander from hand to hand unpublished, unheeded. Its final publication against all opposition is a literary triumph. The complete novel for this issue of TWO WORLDS is *White Streams* by David Zorn—a sensitive account of the awakening of a boy.

TWO WORLDS will also publish in later issues two novels translated for the first time into English from the works of Giovanni Boccaccio.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER TWO
Out Dec. 15th

LIFE AND LETTERS
"1601" — *Mark Twain*
OURSELVES ARE GREAT — *Waverly Root*
MORE SONGS FOR LADY JOAN — *Francis Page*
HELEN LOOKS AT THE MOON (A Play) — *Anonymous*
A NEW UNNAMED WORK (2nd Installment) — *James Joyce*
TALES OF A CRUEL COUNTRY: Lumpy — *Samuel Roth*
WHITE STREAMS — *David Zorn*

You may order 1 number or 4, enclosing $3 or $10. Every number will be precious to the Collector.

TWO WORLDS PUBLISHING COMPANY (Suite 405-8)
500 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Gentlemen: I enclose $..... for which enroll me as a subscriber to ..... numbers of TWO WORLDS, beginning with No. .....:
Name .....
No. and St. .....
City .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we must face existence where it is. But a traditional difficulty arises. Is not experience a personal and subjective affair, and how will an analysis of experience reveal anything of importance about the nature of external reality? Do we not need a dialectic to enable us to pass from experience to nature, just as the idealistic logic required an epistemological technique to bridge the gap between thought and reality? According to Mr. Dewey, there is no difficulty here at all. Nature and experience are continuous. Non-reflective experience is an extension and projection of nature into the realm of man. Sensation is a natural event. Sense data, therefore, are not subjective modifications of consciousness, discontinuous with the outer world of physical reality; they are transparent objects in the natural world. And so, too, our emotions, by overflowing and suffusing inanimate existence, inextricably bind natural objects to human experience; and thus, by making aesthetic objects truly existential, not only is nature embraced by experience but metaphysics becomes one with the humanities. It is just this that constitutes the naivete of Mr. Dewey. And it is for this reason that anthropology and aesthetics afford a more instructive approach to metaphysics than mathematics and physical science. But nature also generates intelligence. It does not follow, however, that man as a reflective being comprehends nature and finds his place therein. The function of intelligence is not to contemplate nature, nor, as has so often been done, to contemplate, in moments of exceptional dialectical lucidity, those ideal projections which express nothing but the illusion of the eternal and the final. Intelligence is not an end in itself; its function is to guide experience, to make the nature in man more secure, more stable, more like ourselves, more worth the having.

But all of this is not to naturalize man; it is to humanize nature. It is just this warm sympathy, even with objects inanimate, that makes Mr. Dewey the kindliest and most humane of living philosophers.

M. T. McClure

Two Nations

Germany. By G. P. Gooch. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

HISTORY such as these volumes represent is one of the great peace-making factors in the modern world. They are not only well-balanced and judicial; they do in a real sense explain the spiritual ethos we call nationality. Their scope is wide; and the forces they attempt to assess are not often brought upon the same plane of discussion. But the more widely they are read the more chance there is of this old and feverish Europe becoming not only conscious of its common interests but able to plan for the realization of those common interests in the form of institutions.

Of the two volumes before us, good as Mr. Gwynn's is, Mr. Gooch's is by far the more remarkable; indeed, it is not too much to say that there is no other living scholar who could have written it. It has all Mr. Gooch's width of learning, his passionate toleration, and his power to see events as the embodiment of ideas. No other volume on post-war Germany is likely to give the reader so fair or so full an insight into the forces at work there. If it has a fault, it is that Mr. Gooch's generosity of temper sometimes tempts him into excessive eulogy. It is very difficult for a sober scholar to take Rudolf Steiner seriously. If he had eloquence, he belonged to the school which mistakes great platitudes for institutions in operation. So, too, with Keyserling. Five or six years from now I believe that the uncritical enthusiasm which has been lavished upon his "Diary" will be ashamed of itself; and it will emerge that the value of the book lies less in its own qualities than in the index it provides to the fevered mind of the Germany which greeted it. I could, indeed, venture to wish that the pages given to these eloquent but windy philosophers had been devoted to a fuller expo-

Recent Books from Putnams

SAMUEL PEPYS
A Portrait in Miniature
By J. LUCAS-DUBRETON

"A brilliant and delightful book, which emphasizes the amorous weaknesses and naughtiness of the genial Samuel, but is yet a happy portrait of the man, suggesting a good deal of his strength and greatness." *London Bookman.* Translated by Mr. H. J. Stenning. Illustrated. $2.50

PETER THE CZAR
By KLABUND

The story of the primitive, almost barbarous Peter the Great, from his birth through his wild, mad career to the night of his death. An extraordinarily powerful, moving novel. The translation from the German is by Herman George Scheffauer. $2.00

ARGONAUTS OF THE SOUTH
By CAPTAIN FRANK HURLEY
Author of "Pearls and Savages"

Here is a story of experiences in the Antarctic, written by the official photographer for Sir Ernest Shackleton and Sir Douglas Mawson on their famous expeditions. This book communicates a sense of weird beauty along with the thrills of perilous exploration. Illustrated with beautiful and unusual photographs. $5.00

ENCHANTERS OF MEN
By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE

Biographical sketches of Diane De Poitiers, Jeanne Du Barry, Jenny Lind, Adah Isaacs Menken, Marie Antoinette and a score of other famous women whose great personal allure has made their names immortal. The author had no need to color such fascinating material. With 23 reproductions of portraits. $5.00

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND
By HILAIRE BELLOC

The first volume, now ready, of Mr. Belloc's history deals with Pagan and Catholic England from the landing of Julius Caesar to the Battle of Hastings. The main object of the work, to be completed in four volumes, is to show that the chief political and social phenomena of national history are religious in origin. With maps. $3.75

To be published in October

AARON BURR
By SAMUEL H. WANDELL and MEADE MINNIGERODE

The first complete and accurate biography of the great American, the result of twenty years' research by Mr. Wandell, presented in Mr. Minnigerode's fascinating style. In two sumptuous volumes. Illustrated. $10.00

At all booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

2 West 45th Street New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sition of Troeltsch and Max Weber, emphatically two of the great thinkers of our time. But Mr. Gooch is, of course, entitled to his own emphasis; and I cannot more fitly praise this volume than by saying that it is worthy even of his reputation.

Mr. Gwynn's volume is much more a personal essay on the present tendencies in Ireland, with some historical analysis as their perspective. It is a most illuminating and interesting book. It is not, perhaps, overoptimistic in outlook; but to reconcile the sentiment of North and South does not invite to optimism. What, I think, Ireland most needs is an improvement in the standards of her education. She has now much that a mere Englishman must envy. Her leading figures are all young. Her thinkers are not either divorced from the main stream of life or regarded, in their public adventures, as negligible and eccentric artists. Her freedom, moreover, seems to be giving her relief from the predominating grip of the priesthood. A new Ireland is in travail, and it is difficult not to believe that it will be a great Ireland. There is something fine and arresting in the experimental temper with which she has approached her great tasks; and nothing, as Mr. Gwynn sees, is more hopeful than the way in which a political revolution has had, immediately, consequences of social import. No one, looking at the grim racial bigotry of Ulster, would dare to say that the new Ireland is safe; but no one, either, could deny that her prospects are brighter than, half a decade ago, one would have dared to hope.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Culture of a Section

The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier. By Ralph Leslie Rusk. Columbia University Press. Two volumes. $7.50.

TWICE in the progress of American settlement from the Atlantic to the Pacific conditions have led the West to a fairly independent literary development. During the early decades of the last century the people just beyond the Alleghanies, and at a later period the people of the Pacific slope, found themselves cut off from a ready supply of books and periodicals and from a sufficient opportunity to print their own writings; and they endeavored to meet their needs by the establishment of literary and publishing centers within their own borders. With the opening of easier means of communication these centers lost their importance, and the region they had served became tributary to the national literary centers of the East. These sectional movements were, however, interesting phenomena, significant not so much for the intrinsic importance of the writings produced as for the fact that the Western element in American literature was for a time self-isolated and offered itself in a relatively unadulterated state for analysis. It is the older, the less self-conscious, and by far the more significant though not the more picturesque of these movements that Mr. Rusk has chosen for study.

These two volumes are clearly the work of a man to whom scholarly compilation is a labor of love. Only a student who has himself worked in some small part of the same field can appreciate the size of his undertaking. His results are presented simply, wholly without sectional prejudice, and in a manner that gives confidence in the accuracy of his statements of fact and usually in the soundness of his few conclusions. The expression "literature of the Middle Western frontier" is interpreted liberally. Writings of all sorts, and not only writings by Westerners but writings about the West, are included, the treatment of the accounts of British travelers being especially full; and there is much information about matters only incidentally related to literature. Detailed accounts of newspapers and magazines, with data regarding publishers as well as editors, are given in one of the longer chapters. A hundred pages are devoted to the Drama. Of these, nine pages tell of the principal plays produced, with statistics of the number of

Autumn 1925

This month will bring to you the first of our Autumn publications—a list of particular interest to Nation readers. REGARDEZ!

Edgar Saltus
A Revival

WE ARE REPRINTING THE COMPLETE WORKS OF EDGAR SALTUS. HISTORIA AMORIS, IMPERIAL PURPLE, LORDS OF THE GHOSTLAND, DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH, MR. INCOUL'S MISADVENTURE AND THE ANATOMY OF NEGATION. THEY APPEARED ON OUR FORMER LIST. THE LATEST REPUBLICATIONS FOLLOW:

Mary Magdalen
by Edgar Saltus

Even as, in his "Imperial Purple," Edgar Saltus made live the story of the Caesars, so in this record of a courtesan's career, he has vitalized a character who, above all the disciples, was a true follower of the Christ. The book opens with a remarkable description of Herod's court and Rome in Judea, and later tells of Juda's love for Mary and his jealousy of Jesus. But it is Mary's conversion rather than her sins that Saltus portrays with marvelous imaginative insight. $2.00

The Philosophy of Disenchantment
by Edgar Saltus

Mr. Saltus is a scientific pessimist, as witty, as bitter, as satirical, as interesting and as insolent to humanity as are his predecessors, Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann. This is an ingratiating account of the pessimism of Schopenhauer, a philosophy with which, it would seem, Saltus is fully in accord. Two-thirds of the book is allotted to Schopenhauer, but the remainder is devoted to an exposition of the teachings of Von Hartmann and a final essay, "Is Life an Affliction?" $2.00

Vainglory
by Ronald Firbank

Author of "Prancin Nigger" and "The Flower Beneath the Foot"

Mr. Firbank has rewritten this early novel of his that he now designates as "the smartest of all my works." To the initiate, Mr. Firbank's "smartest" is something to look forward to and cherish. The scenes are laid in London drawing rooms and English country houses, with the inevitable aroma of a cathedral as indefinable as piety, and such characters. $2.00

The Red Cord
by Thomas Grant Springer

Here is an Oriental "Main Street" or, better still, the public square of a Chinese village wherein is the dust, shouting, smells, the creaking of the water buffalo carts, and So Wo Loie with her tea rose cheeks, the forerunner of the modern feminist in her revolt against tradition and position. She is bought and sold in a village where no foot of the west ocean barbarian has ever trod and yet manages to find love and self-expression. $2.00

Idiot Man
or The Follies of Mankind
by Professor Charles Richet

Winner of the Nobel Prize for Physiology in 1913

The author contends that man is far more stupid than animals and proceeds to point out the ways in which both civilized and uncivilized man displays his extreme stupidity. $2.00

Forty-two Other Titles

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

[If you are interested in worthwhile books, send now for Brentano's attractive Autumn Catalog.]

Publishers **BRENTANO'S** New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

performances of each; eight pages enumerate with slight critical comment "plays on Western life and by Western writers"; the rest of the chapter treats such matters as the history of dramatic performances and their financial successes and failures, the careers of actors and of managers, the buildings used as theaters, the manners of Western audiences. In the chapters on Fiction and on Poetry there is relatively little critical evaluation. The author has apparently preferred to adhere to unquestionable fact and to avoid as much as possible the expression of opinion of any kind. There is almost no attempt to give a summary of tendencies, to show the probable influence of Western writings before 1840 on later American literature, or even to trace the working of forces that must have been operative during the pioneer period itself.

It would be unfair to complain that Mr. Rusk has not written a book of a different kind, when he has given us a treatise that is so valuable. Still one cannot restrain the desire to encounter him, to ply him with questions, conscious that, although his impressions might not have the certainty of the facts that he relates, his acquaintance with the subject would make them immensely valuable. What, for example, of Western oratory? It is spoken of only as florid, with varieties of grandiloquence perhaps derived from different sections of the Atlantic seaboard. Was there nothing that pointed toward the manner of Lincoln's debates? Lincoln delivered his important utterances later, but by the close of Mr. Rusk's period he was a man past thirty, and his tastes and ideals must have been fairly well established. Must we think of him as *sui generis?* Or was the Western spirit itself developing, along with the turgidity of revivalist preachers and ranting jury lawyers, a feeling for the plain happily phrased appeal to reason and common sense? Again, what models, aside from the inevitable Scott and Byron, were chiefly followed by Western versifiers? Mr. Rusk refrains from commenting on even the most conspicuous imitations in manner and matter, such as that of Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" in the selection from William Downs. To be more general, what were the distinctive marks found in these Western writings, so that we may search for them in the literature of the next generation, when the writers of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were publishing in Boston and New York?

In the last chapter the author seems to imply a mild surprise that so much attention was given by Western writers to contemporary English literature. This was in reality what was most to be expected. Western literature was not primarily produced, like that of the Hartford Wits in the preceding century, because of the feeling that the West must make a great contribution to the world, but to a great extent because local needs required to be supplied. True, the Westerner was patriotic, and wished the world to know of the region that he was developing; but he also felt keenly his isolation, was troubled by it, and sensitive over it. One of his desires was to read promptly the latest best sellers of London and New York, or to read about them if they could not themselves be made available. The departments of literary intelligence in Western periodicals are often ludicrous in their inadequacy and in their dependence on slight and roundabout sources of information, but they show great and genuine eagerness to know what is happening in the world of letters. If the reviewer may hazard an impression based on studies still incomplete, the literary criticisms in Western magazines, though often written by men of inadequate scholarship and training, are on the average more earnest, more sincere, less devoted to an exhibition of cleverness and to the exploitation of prejudices, than are those of their Eastern contemporaries.

A comprehensive bibliography of Western publications occupies the greater part of the second volume. Both this and the historical chapters will be invaluable to every future student of Western American literature. With these aids and this in-

A novel of the American scene

P.A.L.

By Felix Riesenberg

Author of "Under Sail"

Christopher Morley writes: "It bursts and riots with humor, his own droll irreverent and virile comedy. The Hecker Becker Clock Control, and Lola Nola Nash, and Hobart Tumbler, and Springer Platterly—what a living panorama of comic figures, all in a Hogarthian dimension." $2.00 net

A Romance of Amnesia

Mr. Petre

By Hilaire Belloc

22 Illustrations by G. K. Chesterton

"One of the cleverest, most brilliant pieces of satirical writing published within the last decade."—*Boston Evening Transcript.* $2.50 net

That soupçon of decadence

Week-End

By Charles Brackett

A novel for the frivolous. 2nd printing. $1.75 net

NEW YORK IN SEVEN DAYS

By *Helena Smith Dayton* and *Louise Bascom Barratt.* A week's tour of discovery in New York which is a revelation and a delight, with maps. $1.50 net

SASHKA JIGOULEFF

By *Leonid Andreyev.* One of the most poignantly beautiful of his writings. $2.50 net

NOW AND FOREVER

By *Samuel Roth,* with a preface by *Israel Zangwill,* discussing in dialogue form "The Jew and the Future." $1.75 net

THOSE NOT ELECT

By *Leonie Adams.* Forty lyrics by a gifted American, of whom Louis Untermeyer says, "I know of none of the younger poets from whom one can expect more." $1.50 net

MODERN AMERICAN WRITERS

Brief biographical and critical studies of leading American writers of the day. Now ready: H. L. MENCKEN, by *Ernest Boyd;* THEODORE DREISER, by *Burton Rascoe;* EDITH WHARTON, by *Robert Morss Lovett;* JAMES BRANCH CABELL, by *Carl Van Doren.* Each $1.00 net

THE GOBLINS OF HAUBECK

By *Alberta Bancroft.* An exceptionally charming story for younger readers. Illustrated. $1.50 net

PSYCHOLOGY AND MORALS

By *J. A. Hadfield.* The best and simplest exposition of the relation of the new psychology to ethics. $2.00 net

Forthcoming

FIGURES OF EARTH, by *James Branch Cabell*
With 12 full page illustrations by Frank C. Pape and a new preface by Mr. Cabell. $5.00 net

EXPERIMENTS *by Norman Douglas*
Essays and stories by the author of South Wind. $2.50 net

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY *by Elmer Davis*
A glimpse into the soul of an editor. $2.00 net

At all bookstores. Add 6% for postage when ordering direct.

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY
Publishers *New York*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

centive it may be expected that other workers, it is to be hoped under Mr. Rusk's guidance, will soon resolve some of the critical questions that he has refrained from discussing.

WILLIAM B. CAIRNS

Olive Schreiner in Part

The Letters of Olive Schreiner; 1876-1920. Edited by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

THE English edition of these letters appeared last year. All of the important English papers reviewed it at a fair length, and though some of them praised the editing of the letters and some did not, all of them seemed to believe that the "real Olive Schreiner" stood here revealed. Some found the revelation extraordinarily interesting, others found it disconcerting and lamentable. All seemed perfectly satisfied that the actual letters contained in this volume were a fair and representative collection and reflected truthfully the personality as a whole of the writer.

The English reviewers were gravely mistaken, and their mistake has led them to countenance and to perpetuate a cruel injustice to the memory of a very great woman. Had they known her better the grotesque caricature which emerges from the pages of this large, handsome, plausible volume would have been immediately apparent; had they been more at leisure it might have occurred to them to classify the letters presented. The task, though laborious, would have yielded interesting results. Mr. Cronwright, who since the publication of his "Life of Olive Schreiner" has resumed his own name "except for literary purposes," made his selection from a total of nearly six thousand letters. Out of these he printed extracts—he gives hardly any letter in full, and frequently prints a single sentence—from about nine hundred and fifty. About a hundred are addressed to himself, about two hundred to various friends and acquaintances, and the remaining six hundred, almost two-thirds of the volume, to Mr. Havelock Ellis.

It is on the Havelock Ellis letters, inevitably, that the interest of the book is centered. Written mostly between the years 1884 and 1890, they form, even in the piecemeal editing, a human document such as rarely finds its way into print. The woman who wrote them was new to London, new to Europe, new even to her own recent fame. She was young and beautiful, and intensely alive, with that blazing vitality which flickered in her up to the day of her death. People she did not know at all were pestering her with visits and letters; the most distinguished men of her own day were eagerly seeking her acquaintance. First among these was Mr. Ellis. She found him exceedingly sympathetic; their friendship ripened rapidly. It is clear from the letters themselves that he wished to marry her; she did not, she then said, feel that she had the right to marry anyone. But she loved him very tenderly and trusted him absolutely. She wrote to him almost daily, sometimes oftener, and everything she experienced, thought, or suffered she poured out to him with the joyful abandon of one who, for the first time in her life, feels secure of an understanding and a loving hearing on all matters. Not that she was too often joyful. The physical pain which clouded all her life was already a formidable thing to be endured; the ugliness and misery of a big city struck to her heart; she was overborne, as she was all her days, by the sorrows of her friends, the wrongs of this or that people or individual. Moreover, she was herself in a state of mental and spiritual ferment. To write whatever came into her head to Havelock Ellis rested and refreshed her. Whatever he wrote to her with the same freedom we are not in a position to know. But we do know, from her husband, that the correspondence continued long after her return to South Africa, and that it survived his marriage in 1891 and hers in 1894. In 1917, however, when she was again in England, she began to beg him to

Joseph Conrad's last novel—

SUSPENSE

This is a romance of the Mediterranean in the stirring days that led up to Waterloo.

It is unfinished, the last work that Conrad set his pen to—but it is real Conrad—and Conrad readers recognize it as such.

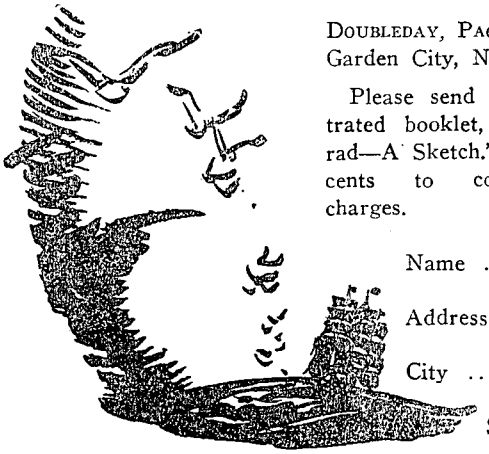
Sixteen thousand have bought this book within two weeks of its publication.

SUSPENSE

$2.00

Doubleday, Page & Co.

Send 10 cents for the biographical and bibliographical booklet, "JOSEPH CONRAD—A SKETCH," illustrated by Edward A. Wilson.



DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co.,
Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me your illustrated booklet, "Joseph Conrad—A Sketch." I enclose 10 cents to cover delivery charges.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

return or destroy her letters. She implored him, "even with tears," says Mr. Cronwright, and adds that Mr. Ellis did finally agree to burn "her later letters." I am in a position to state with certainty that she persisted fruitlessly to beg Mr. Ellis for the return or destruction of all the letters until the last months or so of her life. On her death, Mr. Ellis handed them over to her husband, with the result that is now before us.

Of the publication of these letters it is difficult to write temperately. The appearance of almost any one of them in print would have seemed to the writer too horribly a violation of privacy to be imagined. How the two men whom she loved so beautifully and so loyally justify to their own hearts this violation of the rights of the helpless dead it is difficult to imagine. There is not, even for the most part, the excuse of any intrinsic interest. Many of the letters are mere cries of pain, explanations of the changing of an appointment, or loving inquiries. Here and there we do get a letter or a part of a letter which makes the great woman speak again, and of these someone who loves her might well compile a slender volume which it would be possible to read with a pleasure unqualified by the intolerable sense of eavesdropping which grows upon one as one reads Mr. Cronwright's book.

In them we have "the real Olive Schreiner," the Olive Schreiner whom men and women in the four corners of the earth miss and mourn not less but more as the years pass without this incomparable friend, this wise and tender counselor. The title of Mr. Cronwright's book is a shocking misrepresentation. Leaving aside altogether the five thousand letters which Mr. Cronwright has not included, there are hundreds of letters, covering the same space of time, the existence of which must have been at least suspected by him and of which he has taken no steps to avail himself. Among these are letters to the Rt. Hon. J. K. Merriman, P. C., Mr. F. S. Malan, the Rt. Hon. W. P. Schreiner, her favorite brother, and General Smuts, in South Africa. In England the late Mr. Massingham, Sir Ray Lankester, Mrs. Drew, Lady Constance Lytton, and many others were her correspondents over long periods of time; and it is exceedingly unlikely that the whole mass of their correspondence has been destroyed.

RUTH S. ALEXANDER

Shakespearean Studies

A Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and His Fellow Dramatists. By Edward H. Sugden. Longmans, Green and Company. $21.

Restoring Shakespeare. By Leon Kellner. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Shakespeare in France: Criticism: Voltaire to Victor Hugo. By C. M. Haines. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THESE three volumes, each excellent in its way, are representative of three kinds of Shakespearean scholarship. The first is a compilation of encyclopedic proportions, indispensable as a work of reference for the comparatively few people who will need it; the second is a severely technical textual study; the third is a graceful and humane essay in "comparative" literature. The books have, then, nothing in common in method; their common purpose is to shed light upon Shakespeare.

In beginning his "Topographical Dictionary" Professor Sugden (who has worked under the severe handicap of residence in the antipodes) intended to supply students of Shakespeare with a brief account of the places mentioned in the plays and to add illustrative quotations from contemporary dramatists; but the hunt for such parallel passages in the works of other playwrights quickly revealed the fact that their place-names stood in need of elucidation. The scheme was consequently broadened to embrace the entire corpus of Tudor and Stuart drama, with additional examples chosen from the non-dramatic literature of the period, including all the place-names in Milton. The result is a closely printed encyclopedia of some six hundred pages in

The Most Fascinating Book of the present Season

CARL VAN DOREN in *The Century*

ANATOLE FRANCE HIMSELF

By His Secretary, JEAN JACQUES BROUSSON

Translation and Foreword by JOHN POLLOCK

A Boswellian record—amusing, erudite. "To read the Brousson book is to listen in on the intimate talk of a great and entertaining man."—*Burton Rascoe, Arts and Decorations.* Frontispiece. Unusually beautiful format. Two printings. $5.00

EDGAR ALLAN POE LETTERS—Till Now Unpublished
Introduction and Commentary by MARY NEWTON STANARD
Never until now has been seen on printed page a letter that passed between Edgar Allan Poe and his foster-father, John Allan. The appearance of this century-old correspondence is a literary event. From time-yellowed pages the wayward genius of Poe, for the first time, pleads its own cause. A strictly limited edition of numbered copies. Fac-similes of all letters and 15 illustrations, including the rarely shown Sully portrait of Mrs. Allan. The edition is a work of art. $15.00

THE DREAMER
By MARY NEWTON STANARD
A romantic rendering of the life-story of Edgar Allan Poe. From its pages rises an unforgettably human figure of the tragic poet, "dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." An ideal gift book. Beautifully bound, with eight unusual illustrations. $3.50

THREE MASTER-BUILDERS AND ANOTHER
By PELHAM BOX
Studies in modern revolutionary and liberal statesmanship. Four living and keenly discerned studies of Wilson, Lenin, Venizelos and Mussolini, by an astute student of foreign politics. With four portraits. $3.50

CONSIDERATIONS ON EDMUND GOSSE
By PATRICK BRAYBROOKE, Author of "J. M. Barrie," etc.
A critical and appreciative study of a man who is generally recognized to be our foremost literary critic, with an introduction by Gilbert Frankau. $2.50

MARVELS OF THE UNIVERSE
Introduction by LORD AVEBURY
"Fossil Weather," "The Bird with Hands," and over 400 other authoritative articles on plant, animal and natural phenomena. 64 Magnificent color plates, 1,590 illustrations. 2 Beautiful volumes. $20.00

THE OLD MISSION CHURCHES AND HISTORIC HOUSES OF CALIFORNIA
By REXFORD NEWCOMB, M. Arch. A. I. A.
A pilgrimage to the Hispanic shrines of California, vividly reconstructing the golden age of the missions and the picturesque days of the Dons. A complete study of the old churches and Spanish houses, their history, architecture, art and lore—an inspiration and delight to all architects, artists and lovers of beauty and romance. Colored frontispiece, 217 illustrations and measured drawings and 24 line drawings. $15.00

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS
By JOHN FORSTER
The Memorial Edition—the most sumptuously illustrated edition of the famous "Life" ever published. 500 Portraits, fac-similes, playbills, sketches and contemporary prints. The most complete collection of Dickensiana ever assembled in book form. 2 Volumes. $15.00

At All Bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

London PHILADELPHIA Montreal

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

double columns. Only the employment of a system of drastic abbreviation of titles has held the work within these liberal bounds. The individual articles vary in length from a few lines to many pages, the more important ("London," "England," "France," "Italy") being subdivided and separately indexed. Obviously this is not a book to be read through consecutively; but for those who enjoy antiquarian lore it is something more than the work of reference which is its primary use. The scores of articles on the streets, shops, taverns, wells, gates, and districts of London are, for example, filled with interesting and picturesque information. Under the heading "Italy" we find not only historical and topographical allusions but also the national characteristics of the Italian people as reflected in the English drama, their dress and personal appearance, food and cookery, music and dancing, art, horticulture and literature, their professions, trades, and other occupations. The arrangement of such long and complicated articles is admirable. Judging from dozens of tests selected from obscure and recondite allusions in the plays, one may pronounce the "Dictionary" quite exhaustive. The printing, though the type is necessarily small, is impeccable. Several contemporary maps and views of London are provided and there is an excellent "sketch map of the streets of Elizabethan London" on a large scale.

Professor Kellner of the University of Czernowitz, after more than a decade of indefatigable research, now publishes his "critical analysis of the misreadings in Shakespeare's works." For some years it has been a commonplace of textual scholarship that the prime necessity for a student venturing upon the arduous task of "restoring" the true readings in the plays is a thorough knowledge of Elizabethan handwriting. The good old days of happy guess-work are gone forever. Various scholars, notably Mr. J. Dover Wilson, the editor of the "New Cambridge Shakespeare," and the Dutchmen Van Dam and Stoffel, have obtained this needed equipment of paleographical knowledge before venturing to tamper with the text. That this is necessary in dealing with dramas and not so necessary for the emendation of non-dramatic texts is of course due to the fact that the playwrights, having parted with all claims to their productions, had seldom any opportunity to correct the errors of the press. Most letters in the Elizabethan handwriting (whether "secretary," "Italian," or "mixed" script) are formed in a variety of ways. The forms of one letter very frequently resemble those of another or of more than one other. The chances of error on the part of the printer setting up from manuscript were therefore numerous, the more so when he used a transcript made from the author's original text. Moreover, in faulty passages there is almost always the possibility of more than one plausible emendation, the letter *b*, for example, resembling *h*, *k*, *l*, *t*, or *v*. Professor Kellner's exhaustive survey of all possible misreadings of all letters, combinations of letters, abbreviations, wrong divisions of words, and the like results in a solid and invaluable sub-structure for the rebuilding of a correct text. When, however, he comes to the task of emendation, of "restoring Shakespeare," he treads upon insubstantial ground. Besides tabulating those errors in quarto or folio which are corrected in one or the other text he lists all misreadings the corrections of which have been received into most or all modern editions. But he goes further and submits some 265 new "readings" discovered by himself. In the nature of the case it is unlikely that any one scholar could make so many successful emendations of Shakespeare's text. Occasionally his suggestions are happy, though none is so happy as Mr. Dover Wilson's "I think thee, Ariel" for "I thank thee, Ariel" (a change which Professor Kellner does not record). More often these new "readings" are of a flatness that can be accounted for only by the fact that English is not this scholar's native tongue. "Rump-fed ronyon," for example, may not be an altogether satisfying epithet as applied by the sailor's wife to the witch, but Professor Kellner's alternative, "ramp-seed ronyon," will find few supporters. With more space at command scores of these emendations might afford

FOLLY

by

CLEMENT WOOD

author of

"NIGGER," "THE MOUNTAIN," etc.

A MOST unusual historical romance of the early 18th century in which a Madcap beauty's keen wit matches her shining blade to the mental and moral discomfiture of many a noble swaggerer on the English Olympus of the day until she finally achieves her purpose and rescues her brother.

FOLLY LEIGH is one of those characters in fiction that make an indelible impression on the reader: vivid, reckless, lovable and clever as she must well needs be!

$2.00
at all bookstores

Small, Maynard and Company

Publishers — Boston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasant matter for discussion. It will be seen, then, that the value of this book lies in its thorough survey of the paleographical data and in the general principles of emendation that it lays down rather than in the specific application of those principles.

Mr. Haines's book is the second instalment of the "survey" of Shakespeare's fame in foreign lands undertaken by the Shakespeare Association. It deals with certain aspects only of the large problem of Shakespeare in France. For the most part it reworks soil that has often been turned over and treads upon familiar ground. There is, however, an understanding of the French "classical" point of view that has never before been very evident in the work of English scholars upon this subject. The gradual emergence of Shakespeare's reputation and prestige from the early days of Voltaire's patronizing interest, through the period of Voltaire's bitter hostility, and on to the days of Chateaubriand and De Staël, is admirably traced; and the book ends with the Shakespearean vogue of the full-blown Romantics.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Enough to Go Round

Wages and the Family. By Paul H. Douglas. The University of Chicago Press. $3.

THERE are about 30 million adult males gainfully employed in the United States. If you gave them all a wage sufficient to maintain a family of five at the level of the budget of health and decency, it would take 50 billion dollars. If you paid the women and children already gainfully employed at the health and decency level, it would take 8 billions more—a total wage bill for the country of 58 billions. Meanwhile the national income is about 70 billions. Ten per cent for savings (new capital construction) knocks off 7 billions. Rent, interest, and profit knock off another 8 or 10 billions. Differentials for highly skilled workers above the basic rate knock off a final 7 billions. Twenty-two from 70 leaves 48 billions—or 10 billions short of meeting the minimum budget. No, there isn't enough to go round.

"But wait," says Mr. Douglas; "I know there isn't enough to go round, but that's a cock-eyed way of stating the case." As indeed it is. Your humble reviewer, following the lead of the learned family budgeteers, has used it repeatedly. But with Mr. Douglas's book in hand, he makes haste to announce that he has been an ass. A statistical ass. For, as the author points out, if you paid all adult males the equivalent of the support for a family of five, and you paid the working women and children to boot, you would provide the support not for 110 millions—the present population of America—but for 158 millions, for 48 million non-existent people! Five to the family is not the average in real life—it is less than that; and there are some 9 million unmarried male workers with no families to support at all.

Under capitalism to hold out for a family wage (of five) as a minimum for all adult male workers is an impossible goal in the opinion of Mr. Douglas. There simply isn't the income available. Even if you took all the rent, interest, and profits away from the forthright captains of industry and instituted a sort of socialism, he doubts with learned statistical support if the budget could be met—with the necessary differentials for skilled workers.

This is very logical, but I think there is an Ethiopian concealed somewhere. If we cut under the dollar signs and examined the facts on the basis of the physical output of goods and services, a very different conclusion might be reached. The shifting of physical production—necessitated by the shift in purchasing power—to the necessities and plain comforts might conceivably produce a tremendous gain in real income, and throw all the neat tables out of gear. The industrial system would be a different thing altogether.

IMPORTANT DORAN BOOKS

A new novel by ***Floyd Dell***

RUNAWAY

An entirely new sort of novel by Floyd Dell which marks his progress from the leadership of "the younger generation" to a position of real stature as a novelist. It is the exciting tale of a vagabond father and a madcap daughter. $2.00

❖ ❖ ❖

Stimulating essays by ***Aldous Huxley***

ALONG THE ROAD

Edwin Bjorkman calls Aldous Huxley "the most interesting of the young writers in England," and there are many who share that opinion. Here are engaging essays by Mr. Huxley on a rich variety of subjects that show him to be a very human, a very mellow person. $2.00

❖ ❖ ❖

A new tale by

Elinor Wylie

THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW

Exquisitely wrought, refreshingly different is the romance of the fragile youth Virginio—who lived and breathed although made of spun-glass—and of the bewitching fiery child Rosalba. A love theme as profound in its significance as it is delicate in its conception. By the author of "Jennifer Lorn." $2.00

❖ ❖ ❖

An important novel by

Cyril Home

CRUEL FELLOWSHIP

"This novel is true enough to be an indictment of society, of education, of sex supression, of a thousand curable evils that may corrupt a human soul."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* By the author of "Wife of the Centaur." $2.00

❖ ❖ ❖

A fine character study of a Southern negro

PORGY *by* ***Du Bose Heyward***

The color and the slumbrous charm of Charleston pervade this dramatic story of negro life, that shifts from a bizarre negro funeral to scenes of poignant beauty, told with rare understanding by an author who comes of an old Charleston family, and who is already well known as a poet. $2.00

❖ ❖ ❖

Ballads and lyrics by

Stephen Vincent Benét

TIGER JOY

Ballads of pirates and fiddlers, marshland and mountain, as well as the author's famous ballad on King David, followed by quixotic love lyrics, make up this new collection of Mr. Benét's verse. $1.75

At all booksellers or from

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

244 Madison Avenue **New York**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But to go on with the author's argument. Instead of fighting and striking for a hopeless goal, why not pool wage payments on the basis of a decency budget of one for the bachelor worker, of two for the married childless worker, of three, of four, of five for the married worker with one or two or three children—and so on. A wage system based on living standards and the number of dependents, rather than a wage system based on the job, as at present.

To many this may sound like a wild proposal. Yet every country in Europe is experimenting with it, as well as Australia. The thing is actually in operation for some 6 millions of workers. It is no academic arm-chair dream. The concrete cases are all laid before us. Mr. Douglas promises that the plan will eliminate poverty, prolong the school period of children, cut down infant mortality, brighten communities. I think he is probably right.

But—from my own arm-chair—I wonder. If you are going to tinker with the price system in any such wholesale way, why not go the whole hog, coordinate industry on the basis of adapting production to human requirements (as we began to do in the war), cut out the 50 per cent margin of waste and leakage in industrial performance, and thus provide that assured abundance of physical goods of which dollar signs are only illusive shadows.

Still, if employers can be jimmied into the former and not the latter, I'm for the author's plan. But it must—as he well says—be administered under the joint control of employer and employee. Otherwise the Lord help organized labor. Finally, I have seldom read a book of research which was so concise, so logical in its development, and so blissfully short in its chapters.

STUART CHASE

Terror and Furore

Under the Black Flag. By Don C. Seitz. The Dial Press. $4.

HAIL, Don Seitz, chronicler of Braxton Bragg, of the gloriously insolent Paul Jones, of bull-hearted buccaneers! Also look well to your laurels, all you who glory in the telling of tales of pikes and fusils and flashing cutlasses, of black-flag terrorists, of carbuncle-faced avengers, of grim-browed scoundrels, of murderous plot and riot, of half-naked desperadoes most vehement, of tall black ships and sulphurous belching cannon! Look well to your laurels, I say, for here is a man most cunning in his work, who captivates the imagination, who parades no fine sentiments as do inefficient workmen, who paints vice and folly and recklessness in true colors, who exerts neither patronage nor favoritism, who tells his tale with enthusiasm and is a stranger to wearisome ennui; a very noticeable man indeed to write a book of derring-do. And, be it said, Don Seitz has not retold old and worn tales such as are known to every high-spirited boy and to every man with a boy's heart. His are rare tales of those who tried to make life luxurious for themselves at heavy cost, tales almost unknown except to specialized students. To be sure he gives us Captain Kidd, but not Kidd of the ballad, the unworthy Kidd, the Kidd who, having played fast and loose with life, at the end warned solemnly with

Come all ye young and old, see me die, see me die,
Come all ye young and old, see me die,
Come all ye young and old,
You're welcome to my gold,
For by it I've lost my soul, and must die.

Take warning now by me, for I must die, I must die,
Warning take by me, for I must die,
Take warning now by me,
And shun bad company,
Lest you come to hell with me, for I die.

For your true pirate was not given to anchoring his conscience to a responsibility, nor to a discovery of something fine

Romain Rolland

the author of "Jean Christophe," has written an equally penetrating story of a woman in his new trilogy, "The Soul Enchanted."

SUMMER

is the succeeding volume to "Annette and Sylvie" and continues the career of Annette Rivier, now in the first flush of maturity and facing life without love, fortune or respectability. This volume can be read as a complete novel in itself. Translated by Van Wyck Brooks. $2.50

Henry Adam's

DEMOCRACY

A sensation in its day, its authorship is now revealed for the first time. This new edition contains an introduction by Henry Holt. "Remarkable, brilliantly written. Among the best American novels." —*Boston Transcript.* $2.00

Mrs. E. M. Ward's

MEMORIES OF NINETY YEARS

Mrs. Ward's interests have been wide and varied. She has known the celebrities of the English social, political and artistic worlds during three generations. Her autobiography is wise and mellow, and replete with amusing anecdotes. A beautiful volume with 42 illustrations. $5.00

Maximilian Harden's

I MEET MY CONTEMPORARIES

Mr. Harden displays extraordinary breadth of political and cultural knowledge in these brilliant chapters on Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Lenin, Sarah Bernhardt, Stinnes, Hindenburg and many other public figures. Illustrated. $4.00

Milton Waldman's

AMERICANA

For the first time all authentic information on our early books, letters, documents and maps; the source materials of our national history and literature, have been gathered together in one complete reference work. Illustrated. $5.00

Christopher Ward's

FOOLISH FICTION

The author continues his hilarious parodies on the season's popular novels. Illustrated. $2.00

W. G. Langworthy Taylor's

***The* SADDLE HORSE**

A treatise on the training and general care of the horse for the average owner. Illustrated. $3.50

At all booksellers

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
19 West 44th Street, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and significant in death. Rather was he one not to be immured among conventions and received opinions, like that fire-flashing Boyga, who, being sentenced to death, tried to cheat the gallows by cutting his throat with the top of a tin can and was hanged while sitting in a chair; or like the hell-roarer who took a solid and defined position by leaping into the powder magazine with a lighted match; or like Master Roberts, who, taking a somewhat muddled view of religion, impounded a minister of the gospel to "make punch and say prayers for the pirates"; or like the martinet John Phillips, who aimed at order in disorder and deplored the lack of discipline on pirate crafts; or like that London burglar who turned to buccaneering as a pastime and wrought with reckless valor; or like the eloquent Captain Misson, who talked about the "Yoak of Tyrannie"; or like Joe Bradish, brisk and efficient man of business, who buried his jewels on Nassau Island in time of stress; or like Jack Martel, who had a nice taste for gold dust and elephant tusks; or like Quelch of Massachusetts, who flew a flag with "in the middle of it an Anatomy with an Hourglarse in one hand and a dart in the Hart with three drops of Blood proceeding from it in the other," and dwelt upon his art with a certain gleesomeness; or like Bill Lewis the romantic, who, being given to drowse and brood, was at last murdered in his sleep; or like Tom White, the man of Devon, who, under soberer circumstances, might have been a pillar of society—or, to come to the end of a long story, like many another who sailed into action in the glory of music and banners, infinitely courageous, and often came out of the fray with decorations much damaged, valor not being alone on the side of the pirate.

CHARLES J. FINGER

Books in Brief

Beatrice d'Este and Her Court. By Robert de la Sizeranne. Translated by Captain N. Fleming. Brentano's. $3.50.

"Although she belonged to that small number of women worthy of perpetual regret and eternal remembrance, such a premature death is not really a misfortune for her, for, since we must all die one day, those are more favored who die young and who, after having lived through a happy youth, are ignorant of the countless calamities of this sad world and the trials of old age." So wrote Maximilian, King of the Romans, on the death of Beatrice d'Este to her husband, Ludovic the Moor; and his words are an epitaph not upon Beatrice only but upon the whole Renaissance. Dr. Charles Mayo remarked in a recent address that the average length of human life in the sixteenth century was thirty years. But what a day they had, these women of the house of Sforza! If it was brief, it was glorious. The splendor and wealth, the state and pageantry, the admiration and flattery that would have sufficed for a hundred women were crowded into their little span. The precious fabrics enumerated in this volume make certain pages of it read like a museum catalogue. And their taste for rich foods was quite as keen. It is gratuitous to assume, even in the annals of the house of Borgia, that the numerous early or sudden deaths were due always to poison.

Public Employment Offices. Their Purpose, Structure and Methods. By Shelby M. Harrison and Associates. The Russell Sage Foundation.

This book, for at least the next decade, will be the textbook of students interested in the purpose, structure, and methods of government employment offices. Written by persons formerly connected with State or federal employment bureaus, it gives a complete history of the development of such agencies. The analysis of the case is clear, concise, and closely reasoned. The conclusion—in favor of government as opposed to private agencies—is reached by meticulous examination of other types and methods of connecting worker and job. Only one type of

INTERNATIONAL

LITERATURE, ART, SOCIOLOGY, ETC.

By LEON TROTSKY
WHITHER ENGLAND?
A brilliant analysis of the factors which threaten England's economic supremacy and a shattering prophecy of the impending conflict between the United States and England. 12mo. 192 pp. $1.75

LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION
Trotsky's brilliant criticism of present-day literary groupings in Russia, and a discussion of the relation of art to life. 12mo. 256 pp. $2.50

By Karl Kautsky
FOUNDATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY
A detailed investigation into origin of the Christian Church, from the materialistic viewpoint. Large 8vo. 480 pp. $4.00

By Nikolai Bukharin
HISTORICAL MATERIALISM A SYSTEM OF SOCIOLOGY
All the social sciences closely scrutinized and interpreted from the materialist viewpoint. 8vo. 320 pp. $3.25

By Huntly Carter
THE NEW THEATRE AND CINEMA OF SOVIET RUSSIA
A veritable encyclopedia of the Russian theatre today. 8vo. 300 pp. 85 illustrations. $6.00

By C. K. Ogden, James Wood, and I. A. Richards
THE FOUNDATIONS OF AESTHETICS
An important contribution to the study of the nature of Beauty. 8vo. 96 pp. 17 plates. $2.50

RUSSIA TODAY
Official report of the British Trade Union Delegation to Soviet Russia, including the special report on the famous "Zinoviev" letter. 8vo. 288 pp. Paper, $1.25. Cloth, $1.75

By David J. Saposs
LEFT WING UNIONISM
A study of radical policies and tactics in American trade unions. 12mo. 160 pp. $1.50

By Louis P. Lochner
HENRY FORD—AMERICA'S DON QUIXOTE
The vicissitudes of Henry Ford's Peace Ship. 8vo. 240 pp. $3.00

By W. H. Emmett
MARXIAN ECONOMIC HANDBOOK
A complete elementary primer containing all the essentials for understanding Marx's "Capital." 8vo. 350 pp. $3.25

By Prof. L. W. Moffitt
ENGLAND ON THE EVE OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION
An invaluable reference source for an understanding of the origins of the present industrial system. 8vo. 324 pp. $3.50

By Prof. A. M. Low
THE FUTURE
A fascinating forecast of the time when scientific knowledge will revolutionize individual and social life. 12mo. 203 pp. 8 plates. $2.00

By Charles Nordmann
THE TYRANNY OF TIME
Paradoxes of the calendar and gist of Einstein theory told in an enchanting style. 8vo. 218 pp. $3.25

By General Von Hoffman
WAR OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES
Important war memoirs describing the military operations which led to the collapse of the Central Empires. 8vo. 246 pp. $3.50

By W. E. Williams
THE CRAFT OF LITERATURE
An exposition of the development and technique of literary forms. 12mo. 192 pp. $2.00

NEW FICTION

Published October 15th
CHAINS
by
HENRI BARBUSSE
"A Great Epic"—Say French Critics
"Europe's greatest visionary," says Romain Rolland.
Author of "Under Fire," "Inferno," etc. 12mo. Two vols. Each 304 pp. $4.00

By Dmitri Mereshkovsky
Author of "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci"
DECEMBER 14TH
An intense and gripping historical novel dealing with one of the most stirring episodes in Russian history, the Dark Middle Ages. 12mo. 320 pp. $2.00

Stories of New Russia
FLYING OSIP
Eleven short stories written since the Revolution, revealing the new literary trends. 12mo. 320 pp. $2.50

Write for complete catalog and advance information of future publications.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS
381 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real importance is given scant study—the employment office operated by trade unions. Moreover, the most dramatic picture to be drawn in favor of federal appropriation for employment bureaus is scarcely touched on. One hundred million or more dollars are spent annually in "help and situations wanted" advertising in daily newspapers. No analysis of this sum—not even a rough verification of it—is made. Yet the newspapers' revenue from this source in one year no doubt would establish a fund the income of which would be sufficient to run adequate government employment offices forever. Furthermore, no proposed bill for legislative enactment, federal, State or local, was drafted as an appendix to the volume. Such a draft would have been valuable. Unfortunately, publication was delayed so long that the immediate usefulness of the book is doubtful. The Sage Foundation in this respect suffers from the general ailment of all mammoth organizations. Had the study come out in 1920 it might well have been a real influence in offsetting the blunders of the chief of the United States Employment Service, thus helping those who fought, vainly enough, for the continuance of extensive federal activity in employment work.

Government and the Will of the People. By Hans Delbrück. Translated by Roy S. MacElwee. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

The chief interest of these lectures on the governmental system of the Bismarckian empire, delivered by Professor Delbrück at the University of Berlin a year before the World War, consists in an Epilogue written in 1920, containing observations on the radical change of this system brought about by the work of the Weimar National Assembly. Professor Delbrück reiterates his well-known views about the perfection of the old German Constitution as a "dualism" preserving a happy balance between popular representation in a Reichstag based upon universal suffrage and "a certain degree of autocracy" embodied in the sovereign of Prussia, the army, and the federated governments of the empire. Absence of corruption, nonpartisan care for the popular welfare, and efficiency of expert administration are dwelt upon as the outstanding virtues of this system, in comparison with which the much-vaunted democratic achievements of parliamentary governments as exemplified by England, France, and the United States appear as sham phrases hiding the exploitation of the people by parliamentary groups and industrial interests. Yet it is noteworthy that Professor Delbrück sees in the new Weimar Constitution certain features which he cannot help acknowledging as improvements upon the constitution of the old empire.

Die Pfalz unter Französischer Besatzung. Kalendarische Darstellung von Einmarsch 1918 bis November 1924. München: *Süddeutsche Monatshefte.*

A bare, chronological record of events without so much as a word of comment on the part of the chronicler. It is not the total Rhineland occurrences but only those taking place within the narrow bounds of the Palatinate which are here disclosed. In sharp distinction from the typical French tale, the outstanding feature of the German version is the omnipresence of the French civil and military authorities. The German work, too, presents Separatism as a fact; but it exhibits it as stirring in only a few disgruntled heads and makes it clear that it would never have mobilized for action had it not been supported from the first and without reservation by the action of a vast body of French agents under the direction of General de Metz himself, the commander of the army of occupation. The seizures of property, the arbitrary arrests and imprisonments, the eviction from the province of thousands of local officials and citizens by a barbarous procedure indistinguishable from kidnapping, the rape of women by black troops, and the frequent murder of harmless residents by drunken soldiers constitute a record of suffering somehow peculiarly moving because making no effort to move.

OXFORD BOOKS

THE EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAVOUR, 1810-1848
By A. J. Whyte *Net* $5.00
Presents for the first time the results of recent researches, and a full translation of early letters.

POPULATION
By A. M. Carr-Saunders *Net* $1.00
A new treatment of this important subject.

A HISTORY OF GREEK RELIGION
By Martin P. Nilsson *Net* $4.25
A highly civilized people having lived in Greece before the Greeks, the history of the Greek religion commences in the Minoan-Mycenaean age.

TRAVEL IN ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
By Joan Parkes
With 46 illustrations and a map. *Net* $7.00
An account of the roadways and riverways of England, and the sea routes; the conveyances used; the accommodation of travellers; and the perils and pleasures of travel in the seventeenth century.

MOVEMENTS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY
By D. H. Lawrence
With 80 illustrations and 14 maps. $1.50
Library edition. *Net* $3.50
The first illustrated edition of a work first published (under the same title) in 1921 as by "Lawrence H. Davison." An account of the general course of European history from the time of the Romans. The author has aimed at impressing the reader with the main feature of history rather than with minute details.

LIFE IN MEDIAEVAL FRANCE
By Joan Evans *Net* $5.25
Miss Evans describes the background of the mediaeval history of France—likening history to a great tapestry—and is not primarily concerned with political history.

THE SCIENCE OF PRICES
A Handbook of Economics (Production, Consumption, and Value)
By J. A. Todd $2.00
The author's objects in this text-book are to make clear that Economics is the study of ordinary business relations, and to show how its fundamental principles may be applied.

THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE — ITS CONSTITUTION, PROCEDURE, AND WORK
By Alexander P. Fachiri *Net* $5.00
The author, who has had exceptional opportunities for studying the workings of the new Permanent Court, gives an account of its constitution, procedure, and aims, and of the work it has already accomplished. In the appendixes a number of important documents are collected in convenient form.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1920-1923
By Arnold J. Toynbee *Net* $9.00
This is a link between the History of the Peace Conference of Paris and the forthcoming Survey of International Affairs for 1924. The object aimed at has been a survey not of states but of relations between states, except in the few cases where the status or internal condition of a country was itself an international affair.

THEN AND NOW
Economic Problems after the War a Hundred Years Ago
By Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher
With an introduction by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George. $1.75
Mrs. Fisher, after an introduction and an account of England in the early nineteenth century, discusses the rural problem, the urban problem, finance and currency.

THE WELLESLEY SEMI-CENTENNIAL SERIES
The following volumes have been published: Mediaeval Romance in England, by Laura A. Hibbard, net $3.50; Italian Landscape in Eighteenth Century England, by Elizabeth W. Manwaring, net $3.00; Wellesley Verse, 1875-1925, by Martha H. Shackford, net $2.00; Philosophical Writings of Henry More, by Flora I. Mackinnon, net $3.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
35 West 32nd Street, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fruit of the Family Tree. By Albert Edward Wiggam. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

Mr. Wiggam's second book on the inheritance of human traits is reliable in matters of scientific fact and for the most part entertainingly written. While it is happily devoid of the mystical verbiage, the undue formulation and dogmatism, that marked the author's earlier (and widely popular) work on the same subject, it has some literary defects of its own. There is a recurrent artlessness of phrase, a periodic use of "the good Lord did this, intends that," and occasional recourse to a ridiculous example (e. g. the twins that selected identical sets of china), all of which may unfortunately obscure for many readers the solid merits that the book possesses. In both books the same general subject matter and the same broad ends are the author's concern. Both treat of human heredity and both preach the gospel of eugenics. In the earlier the data of biology are presented in a very general way and the social applications are announced in no uncertain tones; in the later the reader will find a more detailed statement of the facts of genetics and a more persuasive plea for the general employment of this knowledge.

Art Treasures in Soviet Russia. By Sir Martin Conway. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.50.

Sir Martin visited Russia to learn what had become of the vast collections of pictures and other treasures of ancient and modern art known to have been in Imperial Russia. His book sets at rest rumors of mutilated pictures and the sale of crown jewels. He found not only all the old treasures of the museums but a wealth of new paintings and other objects garnered from the private collections of the few Russian nobles who chose wisely and with taste. Of the Hermitage museum he says: "Both the building and its contents have never been so well attended to, displayed, and studied as they are now." Since the revolution the Winter Palace itself has been added to the Hermitage, and there are now ten miles of gallery. The British visitor trekked happily for days, finding the Giorgiones, the Van Eycks, and the Rembrandts he sought intact and radiant. He visited the imperial palaces in Leningrad and Moscow, and he furnishes minute descriptions of the state rooms and homely descriptions of the private apartments of the czars. He went to see everything, and he did.

Reamer Lou. By Louis Forgione. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Reamer Lou's adventures as related in this book are those of a man blessed with an intellect and with an astonishingly alert eye for beauty. Since the story is told in the first person, one may say of him (as of his author) that he is numbered among those fortunate beings for whom, in the words of Théophile Gautier, the visible world exists. "Reamer Lou" is not a "hobo book"; it is not even the crude narrative of an honest working-man. There is an engaging and rather curious guilelessness about the story which at moments defines sharply its sophistication, but oftener than not it is a polished literary performance. Lou is himself; he is neither a damaged soul nor a noisy protestant against the hard lot of labor. Through many scenes and circumstances he moves with the pagan detachment of the picaresque but with a certain cleanness and health of body and soul and an unsentimental seriousness that are quite his own. It is a life conditioned far more to the unsullied properties of air and fire and sunlight than to the grimy reality of quotidian labor.

Knowledge and Virtue. The Hulsean Lectures for 1920-1921. By P. N. Waggett. Oxford University Press. $4.20.

Aside from the homiletic proficiency of this book and its sometimes merely unctuous but often genuine fervor, it contains little to help us either to knowledge or to virtue, although our need for both, and for one as a means to the other, is

Publications of the New York University Press

Sovereign States and Suits before Arbitral Tribunals and Courts of Justice. By JAMES BROWN SCOTT, president of the American Institute of International Law.

This distinguished contribution of a distinguished authority is a measured justification of judicial settlement from the breakdown of diplomacy to the submission of a dispute to a court of international justice, based upon the experience of the States of the American Union but as applicable to the nations of the world at large. *Price: $6.00.*

The Parthenon: Its Science of Forms. By ROBERT W. GARDNER. *Price: $15.00.*

Coffee: The economic species of the Genius *Coffea* L. By Prof. RALPH HOLT CHENEY, Sc.D. *Price: $4.50.*

World-Developments in the Cotton-Industry, with Special Reference to the Cotton Piece Goods Industry in the United States. By LOUIS BADER, M.C.S. *In press. Price: $3.00.*

The Barnburners—New York state politics, 1830-1852. By HERBERT D. A. DONOVAN, Ph.D. *In press. Price to be announced.*

THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS
81 WASHINGTON SQUARE, E. NEW YORK CITY

A New Volume in the Musicians Library

MODERN SCANDINAVIAN SONGS
(TWO VOLUMES)

Edited by REINALD WERRENRATH

Issued in two editions
For High Voice For Low Voice

In heavy paper, cloth back, $2.50 net
In full cloth, gilt, 3.50 net

Volume I: Fifty Songs (Alfven to Kjerulf)

The nations which produced a Grieg, a Sinding, a Sibelius could not have failed to give us other composers of like talent and distinction. To bring these song writers to the knowledge of American singers is the congenial task to which Mr. Werrenrath (whose father was a Dane) has set himself. Arranged alphabetically, the composers represent Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. All the songs have the original text and an English translation; and the volume contains a group of interesting portraits.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY,
178-179 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
Chas. H. Ditson & Co., 8-10-12 East 34th St.
New York, N. Y.
Order of your local dealer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convincingly enough felt. The point is also made that we may pass from mere rote learning through felt realization in active experience to an explicit and illuminated comprehension of meanings in life and reality. But the book may serve to illustrate two commonplace weaknesses of orthodox religious theorizing. There is first that irrefutable fallacy which discovers and proclaims a supernatural sanction for even the most ordinary teaching and for all, even the most natural and rational, ideals. And there is second that literal and factual version of Christian myths which forces us to give up all their meaning by turning them into incredible absurdities. One wonders, so far as knowledge and virtue are concerned, whether one is much worse off in a California where fundamentalists attempt to interfere with elementary education than in a Cambridge where a Hulsean lecturer, reading in the University Church, takes as literal truth the most pathetically materialistic hopes and fears of Christian belief. Christianity, like all genuine religions, helps man's rational endeavor when in moving poetic symbolism it sanctions his ethics and expresses his ideals; but, as Santayana adds, in pretending to deal with matters of fact it not only gives rise to the bitter controversies of sects but actually loses its own dignity and power; instead of saving, it pollutes men's souls.

The Windlestraw. By James Mills Whitham. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

Mr. Whitham, who has been quietly publishing his novels of the English countryside since 1912, is confessedly, both in material and technique, a follower of the Wessex master. Though he is the author of eight solidly conceived, gravely executed volumes, he has never exacted the serious attention he deserves. "Silas Braunton," probably his finest book, fell, in 1923, almost still-born from the press. The present volume is not quite so fine.

Harvest in Poland. By Geoffrey Dennis. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Written to show that there is nothing beyond good and evil, this is still a great tale, as exciting as "Treasure Island." Mr. Dennis has written an epic of mystical Puritanism with a strange, almost hysterical genius flaring unsteadily through it.

Representative American Dramas, National and Local. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Little, Brown and Company. $4.50.

The complete text of fifteen American plays ranging in time from Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" to George Kelley's "The Show Off." A catholic taste has led the editor to include works like Fitch's "The City," which have only historical interest, as well as readable and significant contemporary plays like "The Emperor Jones," "Dulcy," and "The Adding Machine."

Glamour: Essays on the Art of the Theater. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

These essays, reprinted from various magazines, are by one of the very few American dramatic critics who have anything to say. It is Mr. Young's defect that he sometimes loses himself in the blue, but he has set himself especially the task of discussing one of the most intangible of the attributes which belong to every work of art. He calls it style, and it is, whatever name one may give it, the essential thing which distinguishes between that which is art and that which is not. There are few critics willing to undertake the discussion of a quality so elusive.

The Drama Year Book: 1924. Edited by Joseph Lawren. Joseph Lawren.

A statistical summary dealing with "those plays first presented in the English language upon the New York stage" during the calendar year. It differs from Burns Mantle's annual volume, "The Best Plays," in omitting the condensed versions of the "best plays" and in substituting a larger

BOOKS FOR NATION READERS

Four books published by the Columbia University Press which have particular appeal to the intellectual reader are described below. Complete List of Publications, descriptive circulars and announcements will be sent upon request. Please refer to this advertisement.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING IN CHINA AND ITS SPREAD WESTWARD

By Thomas F. Carter

Late Professor of Chinese in Columbia University

Printing, "Mother of Progress," was a highly developed art in China centuries before it became known in Europe. Professor Carter, after studying the Chinese written records and comparing their accounts with archaeological evidence in European museums, traced the course of printing westward from China to Europe. Complete with photographic illustrations including the world's first printed book, earliest paper, block printing and movable type, historical chart and map, reference notes, bibliography and index. Just published. Price $7.50

THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATIONS OF THE LAW RELATING TO TRADE-MARKS

By Frank I. Schechter, J. D.

All who are interested in the fascinating topic of gilds—their life, law and discipline—and all who speak of the evolution of trade morality, as well as lawyers, business men and advertising men, will wish to read this study of seven hundred years of trade-mark law and piracy. "It sheds 'the gladsome light of jurisprudence' over commerce with most happy effect," says *Notes and Queries.* Recently published. Price $6.00

THE SOUTHERN PLANTATION
A Study in the Development and the Accuracy of a Tradition

By Francis Pendleton Gaines, Ph.D.

A Southerner educated in the North placed the glass of scientific criticism over the American tradition of romance and chivalry in the days of Negro slavery—and produced this widely-reviewed book. He traced the tradition as it is found in literature, on the stage and in popular song, and then compared it with life on the Southern plantation as it actually was. Recently published. Price $2.50

RECENT CHANGES IN AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL THEORY

By John W. Burgess

Emeritus Professor of Political Science and Constitutional Law in Columbia University

This little volume, by the creator of the first school of political science in America, is addressed to his 10,000 former pupils. He issues a warning against the decline of individual liberty. Selecting 1898 as the turning point in our political and constitutional history, Professor Burgess traces the decline of individual immunity against governmental power which reached its culmination during the World War. "In a single proposition," he says, "the government of the United States is now, in principle, autocratic." He urges as a possible remedy, drastic constitutional amendments. Price $1.75

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

2960 BROADWAY NEW YORK NEW YORK

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amount of valuable reference material. In addition to a cast of characters and a synopsis of scenes for every new play there is an alphabetical list of actors and their roles, directors and their plays, and producers and their productions for the year. A bibliography of new books about the theater and of published plays, as well as a condensed bibliography of periodical literature on the same subject, is also included. A very valuable reference book.

From a Pittman's Note-Book. By Roger Dataller. The Dial Press. $2.50.

This is the diary, edited by John Middleton Murry, of a young man who wants to be "an artist with a flowing tie, a broad-brimmed sombrero, and a villa in Capri," but who unfortunately is bound in a place where are "gutters running sludge; the slattern women dragging babes around; the dozy, poky shadowy shops; the Carnegie Free Library low and sprawling, cold as any tomb, with great cards slung about the place: 'YOU ARE REQUESTED TO OBSERVE SILENCE.'" Notwithstanding his faults of labored style and attempted elegance, there are times when the author forgets he is writing and produces spontaneous and magnfiicent pictures.

Bryan and Darrow at Dayton. By Leslie H. Allen. Arthur Lee and Company. $1.75.

The World's Most Famous Court Trial. The Tennessee Evolution Case. National Book Company. $2.

The first gives a running story of the Dayton trial, with copious extracts from the record. The second is a complete stenographic report.

Music

Arnold Schönberg

IT is the strangest case in the entire history of music. Here the flow of evolution seems to be interrupted by an individual who suddenly and violently hurls himself into the unknown. To new shores, asserts one group. Into nothingness, into absurdity, into mechanical abstraction, says the other group. To the first he is fulfilment; to the second, his music has in common with what was called music before only the material of tones—no longer the laws of harmony, the plastic of melody, the traditional form. To the first he is the greatest musician living and one of the greatest who have ever lived; to the others he is a mistaken dogmatic, if not a fool or even worse.

But there is no doubt of his sincerity. He has suffered for his convictions as few before him, has walked a martyr's road, has borne scorn and ridicule and misunderstanding without turning a hair's breadth from what he conceived to be right. Also, he has proved that it was neither lack of simplicity nor lack of ability which made him discard tradition. Even if his ways were different from those of the classics, he has shown in numerous compositions, large and small, the characteristics we admire in important creative composers; melodic invention of the most marvelous kind, sustained over long passages and full of emotional depth; crystal-clear form in wide patterns; marvelous orchestral color; and high intensity of mood. There is the stirring and beautiful string sextet "Verklärte Nacht"; there is the melancholy, mysterious tone poem "Pelleas und Melisande"; there are the two string quartets, one of which shows that he has come into the heritage of the latest Beethoven; and there are the short songs of surpassing lyricism. In all these Schönberg proved that he commands everything which makes a genuine musician, and that he had a right to abandon a form of expression which did not suffice for what he had to say.

Thus he has laid a duty upon every serious music lover to wait until his new works open themselves out as his earlier compositions did; to wait even if these new works should for

THE WOMANS PRESS
600 Lexington Avenue New York, N. Y.

Autumn Suggestions

FUNDS AND FRIENDS 1.50
By Tolman Lee
For autumn budget raising. Recommended by the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, Halsted Ritter, Charles H. Mackintosh. Bought by churches, community chests and social agencies.

SAINTS AND LADIES 1.50
By Clarissa H. Spencer
For study and discussion. The part women have played in making church history and the opportunities before them today.

LITTLE ROBIN STAY-BEHIND 1.75
By Katharine Lee Bates
For reading or dramatic production. Charming plays in verse—gay, whimsical with the freshness and grace of the Elizabethan masque.

UNUSUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

FIFTY YEARS OF SPORT
By Lt.-Col. EDWARD D. MILLER
The title might well read: fifty years of sport, soldiering and society. The author is very popular and probably the best known of living sportsmen. One of his chapters is on "Polo in America." $6.00

YOUTH AND THE EAST
By EDMUND CANDLER
The English Review says of this unconventional biography: "The best thing of the kind we have ever seen. . . . Few novels are in the same street with it." $6.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Gambrinus
AND OTHER STORIES
by Alexandre Kuprin
The author of Sulamith and Yama has written five stories that will live. Wm. Lyon Phelps has called Kuprin one of the four great Russian realists. $2.00

Genius and Disaster
by Jeannette Marks
The author is Professor of English Literature at Mount Holyoke College. In this series of biographies she discusses Poe, De Quincey, Coleridge, and others who did their work under the effect of drugs or drink. $3.00

Adelphi Company, *Publishers*
10 East 43d Street, New York

FREE By Elizabeth Irons Folsom
A thrilling and moving protest against the yoke of conventionality and the self-sacrifice of woman in love. The story of the Middle West small town . . . ranging far from the pattern of "Main Street."
$2.00 Net

The MACAULAY Company NEW YORK

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a time be incomprehensible and alien, even tantalizing—as they actually still are to many. This duty to wait becomes still more imperative when one remembers the hostility with which his first compositions were received. People felt in those much of the eclectic, heard many foreign voices, above all the voice of Tristan, but also those of Brahms and Beethoven; yet much, too, that was peculiarly his own, subtle as a colorful dream, breathing harmonies of the sleeping sea and of the summer wind, of the woods and of the meadows. It was all so personal and new, and yet so compelling, that it was met with violent opposition and misunderstanding; almost every Schönberg composition (with the exception of the "Gurrelieder") caused an uproar at its first performance. And today we feel these works to be almost classical and cannot understand what could create so much opposition and revulsion. How much patience and reverence we must learn: patience, until we have really experienced the new works, reverence toward one who never made it easy for himself, who remained true to his ideas and who had to walk for their sake a path of poverty and loneliness.

To be sure, Schönberg does not make it easy for others; and those new compositions of his are hard to comprehend for anyone who does not approach them entirely unprejudiced and listen to them as if he knew no other music. Whoever measures them with Beeethoven or Wagner must be bewildered and stunned. I must confess, if a subjective utterance may be permitted, that this has happened to me in spite of my fifteen years of loving preparation. I find no entrance to them; I hear a foreign language; and even those promising passages of greatness and sudden light are lacking, such as I once felt in the works of the early moderns, Wagner, Bruckner, Mahler, Strauss—in the midst of incomprehensible passages which forced me to push farther and farther into a new world. Nevertheless I believe that the fault is mine, and that Schönberg's new music will yet reveal itself to me—even while I fear that his last phase, which I feel to be too constructive and theoretical, must remain strange to me.

Already in the "Kammersinfonie," which appeared simultaneously with the quartet with voice, there are sounds of a most unusual kind; and in the piano pieces, the songs of Stefan George, the "Pierrot Lunaire" melodramas, a rupture with everything that preceded becomes noticeable. The first recognizable landmarks are a brevity and concentration which lean to the aphoristic and a harmony which abandons the feeling of tonality and of the difference between consonance and dissonance. Schönberg achieves the strangest combinations of sound, a melody without cadence—rapid, rhythmically varied, ending with widely alternating intervals, and therefore without distinct ending, and for this reason at first not satisfying. The harmony of the classics is replaced by a structure in fourths which later again is replaced by still more complicated structures; the technique of *reprise*, even the mere repetition of a theme, is avoided. The whole effect is heightened by the prevalent mood of grotesque fright and apprehension. Schönberg also has painted pictures, and practically all of them are visions, distorted faces, nightmares in color. I don't believe I am wrong when I say I find the same expression in the lightless, joyless music which he was writing at the same time.

In Schönberg's superb book "Harmonielehre," which is one of the most living and sparkling of artistic documents, the composer has confessed that the laws by which he works at present are unknown to him. He feels their order without being able to formulate them, and without being able to demonstrate their rightness. He proved that many rules of traditional harmony are not right, or not alone right; and he enlarged the old harmony without destroying it. Since then, however, he has reached a formula which he calls "Die Lehre von der Komposition mit zwölf Tönen"; he refers to the twelve tones of the chromatic scale which take the place of the seven tones

Background Studies of the Southern Negro

The Negro and His Songs

By Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. $3.00

"It is done with a scholarly acumen for detail and dispassionate notation on the specimens." Countée Cullen, in *Survey Graphic.*

"As the work of Southern white men, this book is a decided achievement." Eric Walrond in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

Workaday Songs of the Southern Negro

By Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. $3.00

This is the second volume of The Negro and His Songs presenting an entirely new series and arrangement of secular creations, some of which are centered around personalities and types, such as John Henry, Left Wing, etc. *Ready in January.*

Folk-Beliefs of Southern Negroes

By N. M. Puckett. *$3.00*

The most important collection of folk beliefs of southern negroes yet attempted. Mr. Puckett has done a scholarly piece of work and presents his findings in a most interesting volume. *Ready in January.*

At all bookstores or from

The University of North Carolina Press

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

The American Task in Persia

A. C. MILLSPAUGH

Administrator-General of Persia's Finances

DR. MILLSPAUGH in this book recounts his experiences as the head of an American Mission engaged in the reconstruction of an ancient oriental country. He tells the story of the events that led to his employment by the Persian Government, his arrival in Persia, his adventures in the collection of taxes and controlling expenditures, and his efforts, as an adjunct and instrument of the Persian progressive movement, to lay the foundations of economic development in a country which in many respects is one of the world's last and most amazing frontiers. He explains how the so-called oriental "psychology" affected the work of his Mission, how he was opposed by the intrigues of reactionary elements and how honest and progressive Persians finally rallied triumphantly to his support.

Dr. Millspaugh believes that the desire and capacity of the Persian people for effective self-government are sincere and genuine.

Illustrated. Price $3.00.

THE CENTURY CO.: NEW YORK AND LONDON

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of any diatonic scale and out of which are selected those which form the basis of a theme. This pattern is stated forward and backward, to form the "Krebsgang" (crabstep). The intervals of this "crabstep" are then inverted and the whole forms the material for the entire movement. It may be said that Schönberg in the working out of his latest compositions approaches more clearly the old master forms. But if I understand the whole theory I cannot suppress my dislike of a too mechanical proceeding, or my objection to the tendency toward poverty and monotony which follows when the variety of twenty-four scales of seven degrees is replaced with twelve fixed tones, and when the contrast between consonance and dissonance, as well as the contrast between tonality and atonality, is abandoned.

Just the same, it is not theory which decides but living intuition; and if this is there, it is much stronger than all objections and every tradition. The ear adapts itself to everything new if it is truly experienced and imaginatively heard. And again, it remains a duty toward a master like Schönberg, whose behavior as a man and an artist alone compels respect, and who today is honored as one of the most important arrivals in the art of the entire world, to approach his work again and again, to study it over and over. He who has stormed the future with such admirable courage, power, and audacity was until a few years ago an object of controversy. Today we know better. We have to trust Schönberg, wherever he may lead us.

RICHARD SPECHT

Drama

Should Lawyers Lie?

EUGENE BRIEUX is by nature less a dramatist than a debater. He has, it is true, learned from some of the least worthy of his compatriots certain tricks of the trade and he knows as well as Henri Bernstein himself how to contrive a scene of glittering theatricality, but his real passion is for icily abstract problems in morality and his natural mode of expression is the casuistry of the forum. His habitual method of procedure is to select some problem in social ethics, to write a debate upon it, and then to contrive by hook or crook some series of incidents which will serve both to provide an opportunity for the debate and to keep an audience superficially engaged until the moment for it at last arrives. The result is a curious combination of portentous moral earnestness with theatrical clap-trap of a frequently shabby sort; the result is, that is to say, "The Red Robe," "The Americans in Our Midst," "Damaged Goods," and "Accused" (Belasco Theater), the last of which happens to be the latest of his works to reach America.

This time M. Brieux has chosen for his disputation the question, "To what extent is a lawyer justified in attempting to convince a jury of the innocence of a person whom he knows to be guilty of the charge upon which he is being tried but who nevertheless deserves, because of extenuating circumstances, to be acquitted"; and though the problem may seem to be a slightly academic one, he has managed to write upon it a genuinely eloquent debate which constitutes the climax of his play. But because his real talent is merely that of the casuist, because he has no power either to invent living characters or to imagine a genuine situation, he has embodied this question in a fable which not only involves all the stale situations which arise in the theater when the wronged woman is brought to trial but which rests entirely upon a false psychology. Specifically, M. Brieux, who, it must be remembered, poses not as an entertaining trickster but as a solemn student of the fundamental problems of contemporary civilization, asks us to believe that a woman accused of murder but holding in her hands certain proof of her justification will risk probable death and certain disgrace in the eyes of everyone whom she loves merely

THEATER

¶ *Actors' Theatre presents "The Call of Life," by Arthur Schnitzler, English version by Dorothy Donnelly, with a distinguished cast; staged by Dudley Digges; settings by Jo Mielziner; at the Comedy Theatre. Phone Penn. 3558. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.*

¶ *Subscription books open for the program season. Address David Wallace, Actors' Theatre, 45 W. 47th Street.*

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE 466 Grand St.

Evenings (except Monday), 8:30 sharp.
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30 sharp.

The Grand Street Follies of 1925

All Performances—Orchestra, $2; Balcony, $1.50.

BAYES Theatre, 44th St., W. of Broadway. LACKAWANNA 6565
EVENINGS, 8:30. MATS. SAT. & SUN., 2:30

The Yiddish Art Theatre Players in Maurice Schwartz Production of
A Biblical Drama by Paul Heyse
Complete Synopsis in English with Program

King Saul

DEBATES LECTURES

RAND SCHOOL

7 E. 15th Street

V. F. Calverton
"Social Interpretation of American Literature"
Fridays, 8:30 P. M.

David P. Berenberg
"A Literary Workshop"
Mondays, 7 P. M.

Marius Hansome
"A Critical Approach to Sociology"
Tuesdays, 8:30 P. M.

NATIONALISM
Six Lectures on the most important World-problem today
By Carlton J. H. Hayes, Ph.D., LL.D.
Professor of History in Columbia University
In the COMMUNITY CHURCH AUDITORIUM
Park Avenue and 34th Street
On Thursday evenings, Oct. 15, 22, 29
Nov. 5, 12, 19, at 8:15 o'clock
Course tickets, $3.50, can be secured in advance at the office of the Community Church, 12 Park Avenue.
Single Admission, 75 cents.

BOOKS

Blind Author's Allegory
THE SHIP BEAUTIFUL
A Two-fold Tale By C. R. ALLEN

Are you tired of the recent glut of fiction with its inevitable sex element? If so you will enjoy reading

THE SHIP BEAUTIFUL

a striking story by a new author, revealing a touching human story of authorship as a relief to blindness.

Described as a two-fold tale because of the double interest of a life of a boy and his mentor, its appeal is equally to grown-ups or children.

THE SHIP BEAUTIFUL

met with universally excellent press reviews in England, and the first edition was sold out shortly after publication.

Price - - - - - - - $2.50

Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., 26 East 22nd St., New York

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED